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THE COMPARATIVE MERITS OF LINE ENGRAVING AND MEZZOTINTO.

BEFORE proceeding to inquire into the present state of these branches of the art of engraving, it will be necessary to take a retrospective view of the art in general as practised in England. We will, therefore, commence with line engraving, being the most effective, the most comprehensive, and capable of producing the greatest variety. The soft, pulpy, and luminous character of flesh; the rigid, hard, and iron character of armour; the twittering, unsteady, and luxuriant foliage of trees, with the bright yet deep-toned colour of skies, have by this mode been rendered more happily than by any other style. We must always bear in mind that an engraving is not a copy of a picture, it is a translation; and, as a picture, is possessed of three properties, outline, light and shade, and colour, no print can be a proper transfer unless something is given as an equivalent for the last; hence the variety so pleasing and effective in line engraving. Every one is struck with the mode that Strange adopted to represent the softness and transparency of flesh; for colour in the shadows, nothing has approached his plates either before or since his time; the brilliancy and freedom of the draperies of Sharp have laid the foundation for this department of the art in England, while the liquid flowing line exemplified in the water of the 'Battle of la Hogue,' the 'Cyax and Alcyone' and 'the Fishery' of Woollett, shut out as hopeless all other modes of execution.

Contemporary with these engravers lived the great founders of the English school of painting, Reynolds, West, and Wilson, men who rescued the art from the feeble hands of Pompea, Battoni, Hayman, Hudson, and a host of ignorant imbeciles, into whose possession it had fallen, through a gradual decay, since the time of Vandyke and Dobson; consequently a vigour was infused into the engravings of the time by the example, and advice of those painters from whose works they were taken. This splendour of style introduced into the art of engraving may also have arisen from greater attempts at local colour being now made; for in the prints of the Flemish school, though the graver was handled by the masterly hands of Bolswert, Vosterman, and Vischer, and under the guidance of Rubens and Vandyke, we seldom see the colours of the picture given except where they contributed to the effect of the chiaro-oscuro; on the contrary, as Reynolds remarks, blacks, or dark blues, were rendered often white for the purpose of preventing the print being heavy in its effect, or keeping the lights of a good shape. Latterly, in the French school, when the arts were under the direction of Mignard, Vanloo, and Le Brun, we see local colour, and variety of texture, introduced into the prints of that period; but elaborated, and rendered feeble by the monotonous width of the lines and want of

richness in the general effect; we speak more particularly of the works of Nanteul, Drevet, and even Ediluck, for the boldness of execution of the Audrans and Le Bas are worthy of any school, and unlike the landscapes of Ballechou, and the figures of Wille; for though these are sufficiently open, and flowing in the lines, yet they are without crispness, and leaden in their general appearance. At this time the art of engraving was in its infancy in England, so much so, that most of our prints were imported from the continent: about this time appeared John Boydell the engraver, afterwards Alderman Boydell, a name that ought to be held in high veneration by all the print-sellers of the United Kingdom; for though without much talent himself, he had the sagacity to discover the talents of other men, and ultimately turned the art from an import trade to an export one. The respect in which he was held in his day may be guessed from the fact that perhaps he is the only print-seller who ever was invited to the *recherche* dinners of the Royal Academy, and that at a time too when the Prince of Wales honoured them with his presence, and still more, that his health was drank; for Burke, who was also present, wrote on a piece of paper and sent it up to the president, Sir Joshua Reynolds, "This end of the table, in which, as there are many admirers of the art, there are many friends of yours, wish to drink an English tradesman, who patronizes the art better than the Grand Monarque of France,—Alderman Boydell, the commercial Mæcenas." With all due respect for this excellent man, it would be well if we could end here; but we are compelled to follow up the history till a later period; reverting, therefore, to the time when the alderman began his career, we find the names of Chaterlain, Vivares and others in the market, all of whom he employed, and though loose and unfinished in their style, yet as the masters and instructors of the immortal Woollett, the father of English landscape engraving, they are worthy of honourable mention, for Woollett was one of the first whose excellent works turned the tide in favour of the artists of England; and it is curious to reflect that his first great work after Wilson, viz. the 'Niobe,' was undertaken for the price of 40 guineas; Boydell afterwards increased it to 60, which was comparatively nothing, as such a work in the present day would receive a thousand pounds as a remunerating price. We mention this circumstance to show the difficulty of persuading people that anything can be done at home worthy to compete with foreign productions: the same remark will also apply to the pictures of Richard Wilson, many of whose works he engraved. The nobility and patrons of art being under the guidance of picture dealers, this excellent painter was compelled to accept the office of librarian in the Royal Academy to keep him out of the work-house; while now one of his landscapes would produce a sum sufficient to purchase a comfortable annuity for life. These are melancholy reflections,

but will always occur to those men whose genius, as Bacon says, "precedes the age in which they live." But to return to the subject, as English engraving began to be encouraged at home, and the troubles of France turned the attention of French connoisseurs to something more serious than copper-cutting, a new æra arose, and the wealth arising from the increase of our manufactures and the riches of our colonies, created a new class of purchasers. The laborious style of line engraving, though sufficient to supply the demand for the portfolios of the curious, was inadequate to the purposes of framing and domestic decoration; a more expeditious method was called into action, and hence arose that flood of dotted or stippled prints which overspread the country. They had this advantage too, for, as line engravings are not well adapted for colouring, this process, especially when printed in colours, was peculiarly fitted to represent drawings: and even in the Shakspeare Gallery, a work undertaken expressly to benefit fine art in this country, though the excellent print of 'King Lear,' by Sharp, was sent out as a specimen with others, it was found that a century would not be sufficient to complete the work if done in line, nor could many artists be found capable of producing plates of sufficient merit; stippling was therefore called into action, and, as this mode includes large portions capable of being undertaken by mere mechanics (in contradistinction to engravings in line), the workshops of Facius, Thew, and Simon were filled with assistants; and it is a curious fact, and one that ought to be noticed here, that at this time the taste for wearing shoe-buckles went out of fashion, consequently the engravers and punchers of buckles were thrown out of employ, but it was soon found that those who could punch holes in silver or brass, could also make holes upon copper, and these unemployed artisans were summoned from Birmingham to London to engrave the back-grounds and draperies of dotted prints. This transition, though fortunate for the buckle-makers, was detrimental to the art of line engraving. The fact is not noticed to lower the art of dotting engraving in the estimation of the public, for this mode, when in the hands of such men as Hayward, is capable of the very highest achievements, witness his prints of Mrs Siddons as the 'Tragic Muse,' his 'Infant School of Painting,' his 'Cymon and Iphigenia,' prints that are unrivalled by any style; indeed many painters are of opinion, that the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds have never been better rendered; and the masterly line engraving of John Hunter, by Sharp, conveys not so well his peculiar mode of painting: in fact, his softness, his breadth of light and shade, the melting in of his outline with the background, have been faithfully and successfully expressed by the numerous mezzotints, engraved after him by Smith, Ward, Reynolds, and others. And one cause which operated against the adoption of this style of engraving in many instances was the few good impressions it was capable of pro-

ducing: for, as it chiefly consists of a nap or burr, as it is termed, raised on the surface of the copper, by means of being rocked over by an instrument in various directions, and which burr being scraped away, in the half-tints, and more effectually in the lights, so that they will not retain the ink, the process of printing very soon rubs down those small particles which stand up. The introduction of steel-plates, however, has entirely removed that disadvantage; and plates now, in place of being worn out by a hundred impressions, are capable of printing two or three thousand; but before entering upon the change which steel-plates has produced in the art of engraving in general, it will be necessary to mention the discontinuance of the dotted or stippling mode of engraving in many instances where it was peculiarly adapted for the purpose, and that has principally been effected by the discovery, and employment of lithography.

Many drawing-books, and studies of heads in chalk, kept in constant employ engravers in stipple, such mode being peculiarly fitted to represent crayon drawings; but in place of making a drawing, afterwards to be imitated by a laborious process, the artist makes his drawing immediately upon the stone, which, being put into the lithographic press, is printed at once; so that you have not only the saving of the engraver's labours, but you have the advantage of the original drawing; and the works by Harding, Nash, Lane, and Prout possess all the excellencies of these artists. Portraits, and fine works of art must still remain untraced upon, as the unsound appearance of lithography, and the constant danger of the stone breaking in the process of printing, preclude all likelihood of it ever being carried to any extent. Having now, in a cursory manner, come down to the introduction of steel plates for the purposes of engraving, we shall inquire how it has affected engraving in the line manner. When it was found that large numbers could be struck off, works calculated for a large sale were commenced, of which the annuals form a very prominent class, and one that has absorbed for a time the first talent of the day; and as it was also found that not only a large number of impressions might be taken, but that the hardness of the metal permitted the highest degree of finish, these works gradually acquired a closeness in the lines, and a minuteness, which rendered it almost painful to look upon without a magnifying glass; the consequence was the character of the engraving was lost, and good and bad artists were brought more upon a par. The public could not perceive the difference, and mediocre talent drove the first engravers out of the market from its cheapness. This the publishers were compelled to resort to from the novelty of such publications dying away, and the heavy expense attending the getting of them up. They are gradually sinking one by one into oblivion, the great swiftness of wonders, and have left a numerous class of line engravers, which their ephemeral success called into action, to turn their talents, if possible, into other channels, with their style frittered away from minute work, their taste vitiated, and their hands unpractised to works of a larger and bolder character. Steel has, therefore, been highly detrimental to fine line prints of a large size, while it has been the means, in a very high degree, of fostering the art of mezzotint engraving; but as there is no evil but may be turned to some advantage, we may hope to see a combination of line with mezzotint which may ultimately prove beneficial to both. Looking over many of the prints of the last century, we perceive a monotony and want of texture and variety, which cannot be charged upon the mezzotint prints of the present day: we have now more etching, and a mixture of dotting, which tends very materially to the enrichment of this mode of engraving. The peculiar quality of mezzotint is softness, and subjects requiring this velvet-like quality are particularly adapted to this mode. Any one who has looked upon the fruit and flower pieces by Richard Earlom after Van Huysen, in the Houghton Gallery, must allow that the downy texture of the peaches and grapes, and the thin, soft, petals of the flowers, were never surpassed by any mode of engraving, and we cannot but regret that the matchless

pieces of Lance have never been transmitted to steel. Along with this property of softness, mezzotint has the advantage of enabling the artist to give the imperceptible blendings of one tint into another, as in the case with portraiture; for unless line engraving is particularly well managed, it becomes defective, in giving the various undulations of the countenance a false appearance; if too closely engraved, it looks mean and dry; if open, it gives a tattooed appearance; nor can the fine touches of the hair or eye-lashes be defined in a mode where lines of a coarser nature take the attention; but in the hands of Doo, Robinson, or Watt, this difficulty vanishes, and line engraving stands out pre-eminent. This superiority is very striking by comparing the portraits of the Duke of York by Doo, those of Sir Walter Scott and Mrs Lister by Robinson, and the mezzotint portrait of the Duke of Wellington by Cousens, which is allowed to be a triumph in this department of art. In the one case we have the lustrous, luminous character of flesh with the firm character of bone, and that variety which a coloured picture demands when translated to black and white; in the other we have nothing beyond the feeble wash of an Indian-ink drawing, and sky, face, and drapery but a lighter or darker degree of smoke. However, this defect of his material is now felt by this distinguished artist, and a change in his style, so as to adapt it to a greater variety, keeps him still at the head of his class. One of his first prints that marked his superiority was the portrait of young Lambton, after Lawrence; and one of his last, which still keeps him in that situation, is his Siege of Saragossa, after Wilkie; but with this difference, the rock on which the boy reclines is as soft in appearance as his velvet dress; but the gun which Palafox is pointing is iron itself, and possesses all the hardness of metal; and this is achieved entirely by the introduction of line; but even in this excellent print the defect, or rather the incapacity of mezzotint is apparent, for the bright, blue, sunny sky of Spain, which is heightened in the picture by the artist bringing the pink scarf of the heroine in contact, is rendered nugatory in effect, and a monotonous light fog is substituted. Notwithstanding, we do not despair of something being achieved which may remedy this imbecility for a time, for we can never lose hope of the taste in England returning, as it has done already in France, to the excellency of line engraving. It, however, becomes a matter of inquiry, if mezzotint is incompetent to render skies and the foliage of trees, why it is that landscapes, so long a favourite with English purchasers, should be now thrown out of the market; and this also may be an evil attributable to the introduction of the annuals, for these not only engaged the talents of such men as Goodall, Smith, Wilmore, and others, to the total exclusion of the production of larger works, which strengthened the proverb, "out of sight, out of mind," but the eye became very soon satisfied with the engravings of these artists even on a small scale, and the English school of landscape engraving has been held in abeyance by the quick succession of such subjects as mezzotint was calculated to produce; and these, having generally a story to recommend them, or being an incident connected with some passing event, ultimately changed the taste from the contemplation of the quietness of landscape scenery to a relish for something more pungent and in greater unison with the excited state of the country. The consequence is, that though Turner, certainly the greatest artist of the day for composition, has had several of his finest subjects engraved on a large scale, no publishers can yet be found to risk the purchase, and the works of Smith, Goodall, and others, pass from their studios into his closet to be locked up until a "change comes over the minds of men." Another point in the comparison between the two styles, and we have done for the present, and that is the want of surface and solidity in the high lights. Objects in nature, that have the property of throwing back the lights in a broad full manner, are those which project, and are of an unpolished texture; for though a river, for example, will take on a higher light than a chalk cliff, yet it will not have the same

breadth, but will take on dark reflexes on account of its smoothness; as polished silver is less luminous than what is termed frosted silver, which, instead of giving out the reflected light in one direction only, gives it out in every position. These properties were well known to the Venetian painters, who generally prepared their pictures with size colour, which not only prevented the light passing through, but had, in a high degree, this luminous quality of refraction. Our best water-colour draughtsmen are well aware of this advantage, and endeavour, even with the rough scraping of a knife, to recover the luminous ground of the white paper, and even in sculpture we perceive the same anxiety to give the pervading character of truth. Any one who contemplated the bust of Sir Jeffery Wyattville, by Sir Francis Chantry, must feel the truth of our reasoning, and allow that it was the nearest approach to the conversion of marble into the character of flesh since the days of Phidias (always excepting the unfinished works of Michael Angelo), for the polish in the busts of Roubilliac, and the sand-paper smoothness of Canova, are not nature, but the labour of a turner in ivory or some harder substance than flesh. The same treatment may be perceived in the picture of Rubens, who studied the Venetian, and which he communicated to his pupils. Witness the admirable portrait of Gevartius in the National Gallery, by Vandyke. We see here the forehead and prominent parts very much impasted and glazed over with colour which gives objects the properties of firmness and that luminous quality for which we are contending, while the receding parts are smooth and unctious, and full of those qualities which have the property of retiring. We have been thus diffuse in stating these peculiarities, that we might perceive more closely the difference between the line engraving and mezzotint in rendering them. A line engraver expresses the luminous and prominent parts by a series of short dots as if the lines were crossed by touches of white chalk, while in the shades and retiring portions his lines are smooth and undisturbed, thus giving the very quality required; while the mezzotint engraver has nothing to substitute but the scraping away the furred or rough coat of his ground which retains the ink, and giving emptiness in place of solidity, retiring qualities in his lights instead of projecting, and that appearance which puts good artists and bad upon an equality; but since mezzotint has become the chief means of multiplying pictures, these deficiencies are beginning to be felt, and, as we predicted in the outset, the dotting and line engravers are called in to remedy the incapacity of mezzotint engraving.

VISITS TO PRIVATE GALLERIES.

THE GALLERY OF SIR JOHN SWINBURNE, BART., IN GROSVENOR PLACE.

SIR JOHN SWINBURNE was among the earliest patrons of British art. He advanced its interests when it was not so much a fashion to do so as it has become in our day. His taste and judgment were exercised in distinguishing such of our artists as gave promise of excellence; he set an example which others followed; he has lived to see the arts prosper, and retains the happy consciousness that he has greatly contributed to their national importance and their enlarged success. The venerable gentleman deserves and receives the gratitude of all who, though lacking the means, have the same earnest desire to forward their prosperity. His town collection is not an extensive one; many of his most favourite works are at his country seat, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne; but in Grosvenor Place there are several of the rarest excellences. Turner, Callcott, Hilton, Mulready, Wilkie, Stothard, and Howard, have here some of their finest works. Perhaps the best of all Callcott's productions are in this collection;—one of them, 'Market Boat', leaving a low swampy coast, may be unquestionably classed among his most admirable paintings. It is not a recent effort, and time may have improved it; it has a deep, firm, and strong character, not surpassed by any of the more eminent of the old

COLLECTION OF PICTURES IN
PAINTER-STAINERS' HALL, CITY OF LONDON.

Dutch masters. A very elegant work by the same artist, representing Cattle in Water—a pure bit of English scenery on the Tyne; and a classic subject, an Italian scene, with a group of graceful nymphs, of exceeding interest and value. The only one of which Raimbach engraved, 'The Grand Boy'—the lad on his pony, delivering his messages at the cottage door. There are three paintings by Mulready—('The First Study,' and 'The Forgotten Word,' are in the country) one of his earliest productions, 'The Cottage Carpenter'; 'Boys Fishing' in a boat by the sedgy bank of a river, and a capital scene of villagers enjoying the franks of 'Punch and Judy.' This picture is full of admirable character. A group of old men and women, and young boys and girls, are at the very summit of enjoyment, from the freaks of the mimic despot, who, having slain his wife, is arguing with the devil. An old sober Darby and Joan are as thoroughly pleased as the young urchins, one of whom is peeping under the drapery to discover the source of the fun; others are pointing with excessive glee to the object of attraction. One diminutive brat is holding up a brat still more diminutive to catch a glimpse of the scene; and a homely market woman, standing by her donkey, is pausing, and placing her hand to her mouth to suppress her loud laughter. The work is full of matter; it abounds in strong and pointed humour, and yet is in no degree exaggerated. We believe it was painted many years ago, and must certainly have advanced the excellent artist many steps towards the goal at which he has since arrived. A picture of a very opposite class is that by Mr Hilton, 'Nature blowing Bubbles for her Children'—a noble and beautiful production, such as we venture to assert no other living painter can equal. To inspect it is indeed a rich treat. It is most happily grouped, and finished with amazing skill and power. It is impossible to examine it, and not be satisfied of the vast power of the artist, who is unquestionably without a rival in Europe, as the producer of a class of art about which so much is heard, but for which unhappily so little is done. Mr Howard has in this gallery a few works of very high merit; allegorical for the most part, and combining a rare imagination with great skill in working out a thought. The most interesting, perhaps, is 'Morning dismissing the Shadows of Night.' Stothard's famous picture—and one of his largest, of 'A Fête Champêtre,' is here; it is full of that grace for which he was so remarkable. A group is dancing to the music of the pipe, the cymbals, and the tambourine. Youths and maidens are lolling on the grass; it is the summer time with Nature, and the golden age with them. A wonderfully painted portrait of Northcote, by Harlowe, is among the finest things in the collection. High as the reputation of the artist may be, this will enhance it. We know of nothing that surpasses it for depth or true vigour of touch, and delicacy of finish, in the whole range of modern art. Turner's famous picture of 'Mercury in Argos,' is here also. It was painted in what the public consider his *best time* (some fifteen or twenty years ago, it may be), a matter upon which we are sceptical; it is a noble work, 'A Landscape with Figures,' exquisitely arranged and finished with exceeding care. It is beginning, however, we fear, to suffer already from the effects of time. Several panels are filled with models by Flaxman. Although, as we have stated, the collection is not a large one, it contains so many works of the highest and best class, as to be of rare interest and value.

The example of Sir John Swinburne, has had, as we have already intimated, a very beneficial influence upon British Art;—the "Patronage" of which was a few years ago comparatively limited. Our rich traders had not learned to estimate the value of pictures, and received but little enjoyment from them. Matters, however, have changed; and now among the most extensive purchasers are the merchants of England. The daughters of the excellent baronet share the tastes of their father. On the walls of his mansion there are several drawings and paintings of very high merit, which sufficiently manifest the admirable school in which they have studied, and point out the accomplished master by whom they have been taught.

Within the boundaries of the city of London, there are to be found, many paintings, sculptures, and other works of art, but little known to the public; for, although the great fire of 1664 destroyed, with scarcely an exception, the churches, the mansions of the nobility, and halls which belonged to the different companies, yet the conflagration was in its progress so slow, that it is on record not more than three lives were lost, and time was consequently given to withdraw from the various public buildings the works with which, in general, they had been decorated and enriched. At the rebuilding of the city the greater part of these were replaced, and among those now existing, none, perhaps, are more deserving of notice, than the collection of paintings in the hall of the Painter Stainers' Company in Little Trinity lane, Cheapside. There are in this collection fifty-six pictures, exclusive of those on the panels of the walls of the room called the Painted Chamber; many of them are works of great merit, and by hands well known to fame, and the greater number are interesting, as being undoubtedly the genuine production of those men to whom they are attributed, (a rare circumstance in the present day) having been presented to the company by the artists themselves, who were members of it. The whole have been the gifts of members; among the donors will be found the names of many eminent men, antiquarians, historians, painters, and citizens, whose labours and whose talents have, either increased the wealth, enlarged the literature, or ornamented the edifices of their country: a short account of their gifts to that guild through whose charter they held their rights of citizenship, may not be found unacceptable.

The Company of Painter Stainers' was founded as early as the year 1231, but the present charter of incorporation was granted by Elizabeth in 1580, and is stated as composed of face, historical, armorial, and house-painters; on the charter is a portrait of the queen, most splendidly executed and embellished. Their original occupation was the painting of glass, the illumination of missals, the ornamenting of altars, the taking of portraits, of which that of Richard II, in the Chapter House at Westminster, removed some years ago from the choir of the Abbey, is a fine specimen, as also those of King Henry III, and St Stephen on the panel of the Presbytery, near the tomb of Anne of Cleves. The works of Cipriani and Dance are to be seen on the state carriages of the queen and lord mayor, as also of Smirke, all of whom were liverymen of this company.

According to Sir F. Palgrave, this guild is assuredly the real, true, and genuine Royal Academy of England. In the *Liber Ordinationum* preserved in the city, *tem. Edward I*, it is ordered, "Imprimis, that no craftsman shall use or employ other colours than such as be good and fine; good synople, good azure, good verdigrease, good vermilion, or other good bodies, mixed and tempered with oil, and no brasseil, indigo, or other of the last-mentioned sort or kind." Elizabeth, in her reign, was so struck with the decay of the fine arts, and the unseemly pictures that were taken of her, "that, distressed by the horrible counterfeits" of her countenance which were current, in order to ensure a likeness her loving subjects might delight in, she granted to this company a most stringent monopoly. No one was to paint any portraiture of the sovereign, or any member of the royal family, save and except a freeman of the company, under divers pains and penalties in the charter contained. And although at the present day the occupation of the freemen is generally in conjunction with the whitewasher and plasterer, yet the accomplished Wilkie, who now so deservedly fills the station of Sergeant Painter to the Queen, followed the precedents of Kneller and Reynolds, and duly qualified himself for the appointment by taking up his freedom in the Painter Stainers' Company, according to the charter.

The hall, which contains the greater part of the collection, is a spacious apartment, 60 feet long by 37, divided by Corinthian columns painted in imita-

tion of scagliola marble, the capitals of which are gilded, the windows enriched with painted glass, some of which is very ancient, and has the arms of former masters and wardens, particularly the western one, which surmounts the dais, is entirely composed of them. The original ceiling was painted by the hands of Verrio, and represented the triumph of Pallas, but it has been removed and now consists of gilded panels.

PICTURES IN THE HALL.—1. 'St Luke writing his Gospel'; this saint being the patron of the company, is, of course, in the collection. The picture is by Van Somer; the head of the figure is exceedingly fine; the obscurity of the back-ground gives it a boldness of relief, and the countenance seems inspired with the greatness of the events he is inditing.—2. 'Ruins'; the younger Griffin. This picture was painted at Amsterdam, and given to the company by the artist in 1682.—3. 'Reason governing Strength.' This picture is by Catton, R.A.; was painted in 1761, and presented by the artist, who was a member. It represents a knight, at whose feet is a lion; he holds a bridle with the left hand, the bit of which is in the animal's mouth; in the other he has a naked sword, which he loosely holds, the point in the earth, as useless; some parts of the picture are well executed; the colouring is exceedingly good, but the anatomy of the legs of the figure is false.—4. 'Art and Envy'; a group by Hondius, well designed.—5. A large gallery; picture by Lambert, probably, one of his best; it is in the style of Gaspar Poussin; the distance, are superbly executed; in the fore-ground are figures which represent the story of the babe wit "the Bloodye handies," from Spenser's 'Fairy Queene,' which were painted by Hogarth; it was given by the artist in 1759; the picture has been engraved.—6. 'Wild Fowls'; Barlow.—7. 'Imitation of Scrowls'; Taverner, is ingeniously designed; on one of them is a portrait of Charles II.—8. 'Flowers'; Everbrooke.—9. Is a splendid landscape by Robert Aggas, a relation of the engraver; the time, evening, the sun is just sunk beneath the horizon, the red and purple glow of which is thrown on the distance, and the obscurity of the thick woods of the foreground is finely executed; it reminds us of Claude, but wants the hazy atmosphere of his pictures. Walpole says, this is the best picture of the artist; it was presented to the company in 1670.—10. An ornamental entablature to the above; I. Revitt, who was master of the company in 1713.—11. 'Heraclitus and Democritus'; Jacob Penn.—12. 'A Sea Storm'; Sailmaker.—13. 'Flowers'; Edwards, a member of the court.—14. 'Fruit and a Squirrel'; Smith.—15. 'A Calm'; Monamy. This is a large gallery picture, and one of his best; the water is beautifully painted; it possesses that glassy appearance so difficult to depict. A large ship in the centre of the picture is dropping her anchor, her sails hanging from the yards, not a breath of wind seems stirring, the pennant droops from the top-mast head, some boats are towing her round to prevent another vessel falling aboard, she is firing guns, and the smoke lazily passing over the surface of the sea is superb; there are other craft in the picture, which is of large dimensions, which taken as a whole, we think has seldom been surpassed.—17. 'Portrait of Sir J. Brown,' dated 1504; first Feoffee of the Hall.—18. 'A Sea Storm'; Monamy. Not so fine a picture as his other.—19. 'Flowers'; Baptiste, surnamed Monoyer. Presented by the artist.—20. 'Still Life'; Rosenstallon.—21. 'Fire of London'; Waggoner. This picture is well designed; an engraving was made from it, by Moselle, for 'Pennant's History of London.'—22. 'An Allegory of the Peace of Utrecht'; Sebastian Ricci. Given by Queen Anne, in 1713. The likeness of the Queen is good; she appears not more than twenty. The figure is seated on a cloud, crowned with olive by Victory; Juno is looking from above, and on the ground are shepherds in the act of rising; in the back-ground are cupids. The handsome arms of the Queen are beautifully drawn. This artist was a great favourite of Anne. There are several of his works at Hampton Court and Kew.—23. 'David with the head of Goliath.'—24. 'Flowers';

Montingo.—26. 'Bear-hunting;' Abraham Hondius. Presented to the Company by Temple Sweet. The back ground of this picture is well designed, and the manner in which the dogs are attacking the bear, and the way he stands on his defence is excellent. According to Sir Joshua Reynolds, in subjects of this nature this artist was not excelled either by Rubens or Snyders.—27. 'Portrait of Charles I;' a copy from Vandyke, by Stone. The figure is singular from being habited in a Roman dress; in the hand is a riding rod.—28. 'Portrait of Queen Anne, in her Coronation robes;' Michael Dahl. This picture, although well painted, is not equal to those of Kneller, to whom, at one time, he was considered a rival.—29. 'Fruit and Flowers.'—30. 'Death of Abel;' Smirke, R.A. Given by the artist.—31. 'Portrait of Charles II;' Baptiste. This is exceedingly well painted; the swarthy monarch is pointing to the Crown, and there is a smile on the countenance seldom seen in his portraits.—32. 'Expostulation;' Gaspar Lanone.—33. 'William III;' presented to the Company by the artist, Sir G. Kneller, who was a member. 34. 'Fruit and Flowers.'—35. Ditto, ditto.—36. 'A Portrait of Mr Deputy Saunders,' Master in 1680; Closterman.—37. 'Catherine, Queen of Charles II;' Housman. This portrait is exceedingly well painted, and, if a likeness, she must have been a handsome woman: the figure is slender; the head small, with a profusion of hair; the eyes dark and expressive; the dress resembles that of modern times, and is becoming.—38. 'Angels appearing to the Shepherds;' Collone.—39. 'Flowers.'—40. 'Genius drawing from the Graces.'—41. 'A Magdalen;' Sebastian Francks. It is on copper, the work of Sebastian, the son of Francis, called old Francks; a much better artist than his father. This is a most beautiful picture, and superior in the execution to his celebrated one of 'Solomon's Idols at Antwerp;' the scene is the interior of a rocky cavern, in which, on her knees, is the penitent, one hand holds a Book of Prayer resting on a skull, the other, partly enfolded in drapery, is pressed against the bosom; the countenance is uplifted; the mouth slightly opened, as if with convulsive sobs; the eyes inflamed and swollen with tears; the hair dishevelled; the abandonment of grief and penitence is perfect. The face does not possess the classic style of the Italian school, nor the perfect beauty of Guido's creations; yet it would seem that it must have been handsome before care and sorrow had dimmed its lustre, and given it a premature age; there is nothing studied or theatrical in the attitude (a fault often committed), and the more it is contemplated the more it will be admired; the size of the picture, which is glazed, is sixteen inches by fourteen. It would be a gem in any cabinet in the kingdom.—42. 'A Portrait of Camden, the Historian and Antiquarian;' Clarenceux, King-at-Arms to Queen Elizabeth. He was a member of this Company. The picture was given by Mr Morgan, the Master, in 1676. It has been frequently engraved and copied. There is one in the British Museum which came from Cotton House, evidently a copy, as this is far superior in the execution: a splendid enamel was taken from it by H. Bone, Esq. R.A. which was in the celebrated Elizabethan Gallery of that artist. Both Camden and his father Sampson were members of this guild. In the possession of the Company there is a magnificent cup and cover of silver, which was a present from the historian to them; it is a beautiful and well wrought ornament; the cost at the time was 16*l.* sterling; on it is this inscription, "Camdinus Clarenceux filius Sampsonis Pictoris Londi pensis dono dedit." An engraving has lately been made of it.—43. 'Architectural designs;' Travels. It was presented to the Company by the artist, who served the office of Master in 1713.—44. 'Martyrdom of St Sebastian;' Dirk Hals, the brother of Francis of Mechlin and rival of Vandyke. It is a well painted picture, the anatomy good, and in the countenance the faith which enables him to bear the torture he is undergoing is finely represented.—45. 'Flowers.'

CONVERSATION ROOM.—This is a spacious and very handsome saloon; it is divided, as the Hall above, by Corinthian columns, and the windows are of painted

glass—in the western one is our Saviour and the four Evangelists, the arms of Charles II, and also those of many of the ancient masters and wardens of the Company.—46. 'A Portrait of John Stock;' who was painter to his Majesty's dock-yards. It is well painted and a likeness; the philanthropist whom it represents requires not this picture to carry down his name to posterity; his noble benefaction of 60,000*l.*, the interest of which he left, by will, to be distributed among the aged blind and poor of this Company, who were made his residuary legatees, will form a more lasting memorial of his benevolence.—47. 'Portrait of Mrs Ann Shank;' who left a large sum of money to the Company for the benefit of aged blind widows and single women.—48. 'Portrait of J. Shank;' her husband. They are both well painted pictures.—49. 'Portrait of Sir Jonathan Miles;' M. Brown, F.S.A.—50. 'Flowers;' Baptiste. Presented to the Company by C. Cotton, R.A., a member.—51. 'Portraits of Mr John Potkyn, Master, and Mr Thomas Carlton, and Mr John Taylor,' Wardens in the year 1631. This is an extremely well painted and curious picture by Walker. They are in their robes of office; the dress beneath is of black velvet, with a profusion of small buttons, and falling ruffs; a table is before them, on which are papers and two conical-crowned hats; the hair is closely cropped, and the expression of the countenances is grave and severe: the upper warden is speaking, and the renter warden is showing a scroll, on which is emblazoned their arms, as appears from a book in the possession of the Company, dated 1632. The picture has been engraved.—52. 'View in Venice.'—53. 'Copy of the original grant of Arms to the Company;' dated 1st of Henry VII, A.D. 1486; Bishop.—54. 'Dead Game.'—A bust in marble of Mr Thomas Evans, beautifully executed: he was benefactor to the Company and master in 1667; by Edward Pearce, who was master in 1693.

IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE, ON THE STAIRS, and in THE PAINTED CHAMBER, there are several other good pictures. The latter is a very elegant apartment; it is wainscoted; the pannels are filled with paintings, some of which are beautifully executed. Among them is 'An imitation of gilt Leather, containing a Portrait of Captain Polehampton,' master of the Company in 1707. And 'A Shipwreck on the Bishop's Rocks, near Dover.' These rocks have been destroyed by gunpowder since this painting was executed. The whole of them have been, at different times, presented by members of the Company.

The collection above described is the principal one within the walls of the city of London; most of the halls of the different companies are decorated with paintings, and there are some of great antiquity and of rare merit, among which is the celebrated picture of Holbein in the hall of the Barber-surgeons, and another by the same artist in Bridewell hospital. It is, therefore, to be regretted, that this gallery of paintings, for it may so be called, and which, as a public one, ranks next in importance to the national, has not had more attention given to it by those members of the company, past and present, who have been more immediately connected with the fine arts. We allude to the state of the paintings: some six years ago they were, as it was called, cleaned and repaired, (no doubt by competition contract), that is, the frames were regilded, the pictures well scrubbed, and enlivened with a prodigious quantity of varnish, and thus the dirt and smoke of centuries effectually preserved. There is scarcely one on the walls but what is deserving of a better fate, and we are assured that at the present day, when such regard is shown to all works of merit, and such pride taken in their preservation, that this gothicism only requires to be pointed out to be remedied. But there are patriotic individuals of the field who would not hesitate, but lend their aid, to preserve and restore to their ancient beauty those gifts which the honest pride and the gratitude of their predecessors had embellished the Hall of their Company, and made it worthy of that City whose freedom they enjoyed.

The pictures of this Hall are, we understand, open to public view twice a-week, by applying for tickets two days before.

WORKS IN PROGRESS.

THE CORONATION OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.—Painted by GEORGE HAYTER.—The reputation which Mr Hayter has already obtained as a historical and also as a portrait painter, justified the highest expectations in reference to this work. It was known that every facility had been afforded him by "the court;" that, without one exception, the high personages who officiated at the coronation had given him sittings; that the Queen had, herself, examined the sketch for the picture, and had taken a lively interest in its progress; and that all the gorgeous state-trappings had been placed at his disposal. Every person here introduced sate to Mr Hayter in the dress worn on the occasion; there have been no intermediate sketches; each portrait has been taken upon the canvas on which it now stands. Few artists have, therefore, had greater advantages; and if he had not been largely successful, he would have signally failed. The public, too, naturally expect from his hands a picture of deep interest and rare merit. 'The Trial of Lord William Russell' still ranks among the more favoured productions of British art; and 'The Trial of Queen Caroline' affords a satisfactory proof of his skill and judgment. It is certain, also, that few excel Mr Hayter in the power to convey "a likeness" to the canvas. His abilities, therefore, are precisely such as were required to combine the grandeur of a national scene with portraits of the eminent men and women of the age and country. If, however, the occasion was one which afforded advantages, it was also one which presented many difficulties; the actors are all before us; and if the resemblances of any of them are inaccurate, detection is sure, and complaints are certain. He was also compelled to adhere strictly to fact: time has not yet drawn a curtain over the scene, so as to allow scope for fancy; he could not draw upon his invention. It is in art as it is in literature; the occurrences of the day are not the fittest for the display of power; we are perpetually startled by that which is familiar, and to which the highest genius cannot give "a grand effect." Those who work with the pencil, or with the pen, must borrow from history to be, in the best sense, historical painters, and take for their heroes men whose greatness has been consecrated by at least a century, and over whose littlenesses an age has placed a veil.

'The Coronation' was, however, almost an exception to the rule; the loftiest of Britain's aristocracy were assembled to tender homage to a maiden sovereign; the robes of the peers and the dresses of the peeresses, if not so picturesque as those of the olden time, are of a character suited to art; and the interest of the scene is without parallel in our age. The moment selected by Mr Hayter is when the Archbishop of Canterbury, having placed the crown on the head of her Majesty, returns to the altar; her peers and peeresses assume their coronets, and the shout of "God save the Queen!" is echoed from all parts of the thronged cathedral. The Queen is placed in the centre of the picture, seated on the throne, wearing the dalmatic robe, and holding the two sceptres of state. She is, to the spectator, almost in profile—a judicious arrangement, as at once giving an "emphatic" likeness, and varying from the thousand and one portraits of her Majesty which have already appeared. The expression of her countenance has been admirably caught; it is calm, dignified, and self-possessed—at the same time that it is happy and cheerful. Around her are the several members of her royal family, and the higher nobles of her court. The prime minister stands on her right; beside him is the Duke of Norfolk. A degree more in the back ground are the Duke of Wellington, the Lord Chancellor, &c. &c. The Archbishop of Canterbury is on the steps of the altar, "bending low" to the Queen; the other ecclesiastical dignitaries are near him. Close to the Queen are the Duchesses of Sutherland and Richmond and the Lord Chamberlain; immediately behind the throne is a congregation of lovely women, among whom are the Ladies Lansdowne, Tavistock, Normanby, Conyngham, &c. &c. The royal box is occupied by the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Hohenlohe, the Princess Augusta, the Duke of Cambridge, the Dukes of Nemours

and Saxe Coburg, Prince George of Cambridge, the Duchess of Gloucester, with the leading attendants of their suites, &c. The galleries above are crowded with spectators; and are so introduced as to convey an idea of the magnitude of the assembly without interfering with, and impairing, the royal and noble group. The picture is, of course, crowded; but the artist has so contrived that there is no confusion. He has skilfully thrown back the figures so as to leave a space in the fore-ground, and has so managed that the eye of the spectator at once falls and fixes upon the person of the Sovereign. At a first glance you perceive that all the parties represented are subordinate; it is not until the leading point has been examined that you become aware of their prominence; that each is, indeed, a primary part of an important whole. The likeness of the Queen is a very striking one—beyond question, the best we have yet seen; and it is impossible not to recognise, without the aid of a key, the various distinguished personages by whom she is surrounded. The minor details are all admirable; the hangings of the sacrum form a back ground exactly such as the artist would have chosen to have placed there; the crown, the jewels, the robes, "the gold plate," are all elaborately painted, and yet sufficiently subdued as not to draw attention from that which should more especially receive it. In short, whether as regards the conception, the grouping, the arrangement of the materials, and the high and exquisite finish of the several parts, a better composed picture, or one more admirably executed, has very rarely been submitted to the British public. It will disappoint no one—and that is saying much; it will be worthy of the occasion and the country, and be an honourable proof of the advanced state of the arts in England, while it will add to the already high reputation of the accomplished painter.

The picture is about to be consigned to the hands of the engraver; we have no doubt that it will be produced in a style commensurate with its merits. It will be published by Messrs Hodgson and Graves, and we understand it to be of the very largest extent—so that the several portraits introduced may have value; this is especially desirable, considering that they are all of persons closely connected, not alone with the interesting occasion, but with the history of the age and country.

HAYTER'S PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN.—We have given so much space to Mr Hayter, that we can afford him no more. His portrait of her Majesty would justify very high praise. It was exhibited during the past week at Messrs Hodgson and Graves, where we had an opportunity of examining it. Mr Cousins is engraving it.

MANSIONS OF ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME; by JOSEPH NASH.—A work under this title, if we may judge from the "specimens" sent us, promises to be of much interest and beauty. It is from the pencil of Mr Nash, whose "Architecture of the Middle Ages," may be taken in proof of his ability to do full justice to this attempt to familiarise the mind with the more remarkable peculiarities of our early history—the buildings and the people of "Old" England. It is designed to illustrate, not the "architecture" alone (although that is its most prominent object), but "to preserve the characteristic features of the several structures, and to exhibit them as they appeared when their ancient possessors dwelt in them, furnished in the quaint fashion of their day, and peopled with groups of figures displaying the costumes, habits of life, customs, and amusements of our ancestors;—in a word, to depict the Homes of Merry England in the Olden Time, is the object of this work." We have before us three "examples;" one represents a bay-window in the dining-room at Haddon Hall; a youth is playing on the lute to a listening maiden; another is of the Hall, Wakehurst, in which "a good old English gentleman" is at dinner with his family; the third is of "Ockwells, Berks," and introduces a gay pageant. We shall look for the publication with some anxiety; and hope the artist and the publisher will bear in mind that the value of the work must, in a great degree, depend upon the written explanations—in which fact and story may be very happily blended.

ON THE INSTRUCTIONS FURNISHED TO ARCHITECTS RELATIVE TO REBUILDING THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

In a previous number of the ART-UNION, we pointed out how necessary it was, in order to ensure the preparation of designs worthy of the occasion, that the committee should issue such clear instructions on this subject, and openly exhibit such intentions of fair dealing, as should obtain for them the entire confidence of the profession and the public. We said then, and we say again, that to design a building of this class is a task of so great weight,—that to arrange plans embracing all that is required for the purposes of the establishment, would occupy so much time, and call for such a large amount of concentrated attention, that few men competent to the undertaking would venture upon it, unless they were perfectly well assured that a reasonable chance of success existed, or, at all events, that their drawings would receive due consideration from competent judges. Now the resolutions of the Gresham committee which, together with a lithographed plan of the site, have lately been furnished as instructions to such architects as chose to pay at Mercers' Hall the immoderate sum of *one pound*, do not fulfil these conditions, and have consequently induced a feeling of distrust in the mind of many members of the profession. They are vague and unsatisfactory; they promise no public exhibition *before* the decision of the judges be announced, indeed they speak of no exhibition at all; they do not point out what course the committee intend to adopt in order to arrive at a sound conclusion, nor do they give any information concerning the parties to whom the selection will be confided. Farther than this, too, they do not lead to the belief that the successful competitor will be intrusted with the execution of the work, however great may be his ability and the goodness of his design, however high his standing in the profession. In fact we will venture boldly to assert, not merely on the faith of the impression conveyed by the "instructions," not merely from an attentive consideration of the whole course of the proceedings (although these would go a long way to prove it), but on information which we believe to be worthy of confidence, that unless the winner of the first premium be one of two or three architects who have great influence in the city, and who, as we know, are now exerting that influence in a manner far from justifiable, he will NOT be allowed to carry out his design, but that an architect already in a certain degree instructed by the committee, will be appointed so to do. Censure and abuse are not the objects of this journal; indeed some have urged against it that up to this time its notices have been chiefly eulogistic—its remarks on the state of art wholly favourable; but let it not be imagined, from these circumstances, that we will ever allow injustice to be committed without an effort to expose and prevent it, or that we will at any time sit by quietly and allow quackery in any shape to lord it insolently. Our object may be to nurture the vine, but to effect this we must sometimes pluck out with a rude hand the weeds that would otherwise destroy it. We may be men of peace, but when occasions demand aggressive interference, it will be found that we can wield even the tomahawk. In the matter at present before us, which touches the national character, and may result either in a disgrace or a glory, we will assuredly not be found wanting when called upon; and should it appear that chicanery on the part of individuals or of public bodies is likely therein to interfere with the progress of art, we will not waver in our strenuous exertions to expose it.

To prevent, however, in some degree, the possibility of such an occurrence, the Institute of Architects, as the representatives of the profession generally, should immediately solicit a conference with the Gresham committee, and not merely obtain a clear understanding on every doubtful portion of the published instructions that seems important, but propose for their consideration such other regulations as they may deem essentially necessary to ensure a full development of English architectural skill. It is in such a case as this that the Institute could interfere with good effect, and it is to be hoped they will not let slip the opportunity of benefiting art which now

offers itself. At this time, indeed, when so many competitions are proposed, their interference would be doubly valuable, the Nelson testimonial, St George's Hall at Liverpool, (an enormous undertaking), and several shire halls, *inter alia*, being at this moment before the profession. We will make no other remarks on the subject at this moment, farther than saying, for the advantage of the general reader, whose attention may not have been drawn to the resolutions of the committee, that the new Exchange is to be designed in either the Grecian, Roman, or Italian style of architecture, and is to be fronted with stone of a hard and durable quality; that the area for the meeting of the merchants is to be about 20,000 superficial feet; and that the entire expence of the building is not to exceed 150,000*l.* (an amount much too limited). Three several sums of 300*l.*, 200*l.*, and 100*l.* will be awarded as premiums for the best designs, and a further sum of 500*l.* will be paid to the author of those selected, should his drawings be carried into effect, and he himself not be employed to superintend their execution.

OBITUARY.

JOHN VENDRAMINI, Esq.

MR VENDRAMINI, so long distinguished as an engraver, died at his residence in Regent street, on the 8th of February, at the age of 70. He was born in 1769, at Roncade, near Bassano; and at the age of nineteen settled in London, and completed his professional education under Bartolozzi, with whom he remained till that celebrated artist left England. Upon this event, Mr Vendramini established himself in Bartolozzi's house at North End, and dedicated himself entirely to engraving and the Fine Arts. In 1802 he married an English lady, of Portuguese extraction, and in 1805 paid a visit to Russia, passing one year at St Petersburg and another at Moscow. In Russia he was in high estimation, and obtained several honourable and profitable commissions. On his return to England, he pursued his career with unwearied diligence and with adequate success. Many of his works were much prized, and all of them creditable to his abilities. 'The Vision of St Catherine,' after Paul Veronese; 'The St Sebastian,' after Spagnoletto; 'Leda,' after Leonardo da Vinci; and others, may be mentioned as faithful and masterly transcripts from these great painters, in which their different styles are admirably preserved. One of his latest works is the 'Raising of Lazarus,' from the Sebastian del Piombo, in the National Gallery.

M. CHARLES PERCIER.

M. CHARLES PERCIER, a distinguished architect of Paris, died on the 5th September 1838; at the age of 74. In his childhood he displayed a talent for drawing, and, being sent by his father to the Royal Free School of Design, early attained great proficiency. On his removal from the school he was placed in the office of M. Pere Fils, the King's architect, and rapidly distinguished himself. In 1783 he gained a medal from the French Academy, for a design for a menagerie; and, in 1786, another for a design for a palace; in consequence of which he was appointed travelling student, and proceeded to Rome. It was here that he first met M. Fontaine, his distinguished colleague, and, finding in him a similarity of views, became intimately acquainted with him. They studied together, travelled together, and ever after, until death, shared glory, joys, and sorrows. In 1792, when they returned to Paris, the times were unsettled, and having nothing but their talents to depend on, they were compelled to employ themselves in designing, for manufacturers, bronzes, plate, decorations, &c.; and the result was a great improvement in this department of art. They soon acquired reputation as architects, were employed by Government, and ultimately executed a great number of works, and founded a school, which has produced some of the best architects in France. Their principal published works are, the houses and palaces of modern Rome; restorations of country houses at Rome; a collection of interior decorations; and views of the Arch of the Tuileries.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

BATH.—The rise and progress of the Bath exhibition. In 1836, after some preliminary meetings, a committee was formed, who styled themselves "*The Bath Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts.*" Large subscriptions were raised in aid of this society, and the liberal support offered by the Bath public promised well for its permanency. The committee (being half artists and half amateurs, and patrons, two) with the able assistance of the honorary secretary, B. Little, Esq., laboured strenuously and successfully, and a collection of works amounting to 592 was opened to the public in December, 1836, and during the early part of the year 1837, it was an object of great attraction in the fashionable city of Bath. Some of the Bath papers lent their valuable aid in support of this new undertaking, and the *Bath Herald* demands and deserves the gratitude of all lovers of art, for it brought this exhibition before the public attention, without one omission during the whole time the gallery was opened, embracing a period of nearly four months. The *Bath and Cheltenham Gazette* was next in the attention it paid to this exhibition, and the *Bath Journal* also inserted frequent and judicious notices, but the *Bath Chronicle*, though it printed the first catalogue, took but little notice of the works exhibited during the whole season, and appeared quite regardless of its welfare or success. The first season closed April 22, 1837, and was on the whole successful, though very few pictures were sold in comparison to the number of works sent. It has always been a matter of regret that the saloon is by no means suitable to exhibit paintings; it is long, capacious, and elegant, but it is very dark and gloomy, being lighted by three dome lights comparatively small, and darkened still, by stained glass; in consequence the lights are insufficient and unequal, and many are the gloomy nooks and corners in this room, in which have been unavoidably placed many London pictures of great merit; another great disadvantage of this saloon is, that the staircase is so narrow, that large pictures require to be hoisted up on the outside, to the great danger of these valuable works. In the interval between the close of the second and the opening of the third exhibition, some differences of opinion arose, among the committee of twenty-four, and eleven of that body tendered their resignation, which was accepted, and the same was announced in the Bath papers. It was thought this would have prevented a third exhibition, but the remaining persons on the committee, true to their colours, laboured with unremitting diligence, and a very respectable exhibition of 440 works of art was opened to the public in the beginning of the present year (1839). It is much to be regretted, for the honour of Bath, that this has been attended with very little success. The visitors are few, and the works sold very few indeed. The papers have ceased to take an interest in noticing the pictures, and it appears probable that it will not open next year. It is to be hoped these fears will not be realised, for it will be a great reproach to the taste of this large and fashionable city, if it cannot support its annual exhibition, while many towns and cities, much smaller, support an exhibition and patronise their artists.

EDINBURGH.—The mechanics (about 700 in number) connected with the Mechanics' Institute, and the students of the School of Arts, of Edinburgh, have been admitted, free of charge, to view the exhibition in St Andrew's square. It is gratifying to add, that the utmost order was preserved.

BRIGHTON.—An Art-Union Society is about to be established in Brighton. This will, almost as a matter of course, be associated with an Annual Exhibition; and although Brighton is chiefly supported by visitors, we know that where there is leisure there is usually a disposition to cultivate taste, and indulge in luxuries. We shall rejoice to find such institutions introduced into fashionable watering places.

NORWICH.—An advertisement in our paper of to-day will inform our readers that the Norwich Exhibition of works of art is to be opened shortly;

and other particulars with which it is necessary the metropolitan artists should be acquainted. Norwich is one of the wealthiest and most populous cities of England, and we have no doubt that the taste for pictures has largely increased there as it has elsewhere. We hope that some of our leading artists will be among the contributors to the Exhibition. The knowledge that their productions are there attracts visitors, and thus considerably benefits their less celebrated brethren of the profession.

IRELAND.—A preliminary meeting of a "society for the encouragement of the fine arts in Ireland, by the purchase and diffusion of the works of living artists," has been recently held in Dublin. The Marquis of Ormonde was in the chair. A plan and prospectus of the proposed institution was read by Stewart Blacker, Esq., who acted as honorary secretary. It stated "that the objects of the society were the diffusion of a knowledge of the fine arts, and the encouragement, especially, of modern art by the most efficient of all means—the purchase of the works of living artists." The funds arising from subscriptions—purposely so moderated as to include as large a portion of the community as possible—were to be laid out by a competent committee in works painted or exhibited in Ireland, which are, at the close of the season to be distributed by lot among the members. It is, in fact, to be established on the principle of the Art-Union of London—except that the choice of the prizes is to be determined by a committee, and not by the gainer; a mode which we cannot avoid considering highly detrimental; for so thinking, we shall offer our reasons next month. Mr Isaac Weld, a name long and honourably associated with literature and art in Ireland, made a very able and interesting statement, taking a retrospective view of all the various exertions made from time to time in favour of the fine arts in Ireland by the Royal Dublin Society, the Royal Institution, Royal Hibernian Academy, &c. &c., from the year 1803 to the present time, by which it appeared that upwards of 13,000*l.* was spent in Dublin alone in erecting buildings for the purposes of the arts; so that the people of this country could not be accused of apathy on this subject: they only wanted the proper course to be pointed out, and he was sure that we had, at last, fallen on the proper track. It was true, the Royal Dublin Society had occasionally made purchases of the works of some of our best artists, as well as been most munificent in its grants towards the education of promising students, by which many names had been added which now hold high and distinguished position in the profession; yet he considered the subject was too important not to have a society devoted solely to its own interests, and particularly as the present one was so well calculated to co-operate with those already at work.

MANCHESTER.—The Manchester Society of Architects gave a very brilliant conversation recently. It was largely attended; and an extensive collection of works of art had been forwarded as contributions to the evening's enjoyment. The secretary read a letter from Mr Donaldson, stating that the Royal Institute of British Architects had awarded their medal to a member of the Manchester Society for an essay entitled "An analytical investigation of the peculiar characteristics, in design and construction, which distinguished Roman from Grecian architecture, with particular reference to ancient Roman examples." The writer is, it seems, a very young man; who gives promise of future distinction in his profession. Among the other attractive novelties shown at the conversation was a collection of photogenic drawings of ferns, lace, &c., and a copy produced by this newly-discovered means, from a small copperplate engraving. They were produced by Mr J. E. Bowman, according to the suggestion of Mr Fox Talbot.

LIVERPOOL.—The Liverpool Exhibition will open in about two months. In our next number, we shall obtain all the requisite information—The arrangements, however, are very generally known to the metropolitan artists; and as the sales effected last year were considerable, we have no doubt that it will meet with extensive support.

POLITICAL SKETCHES OF H. B.

THE introduction of lithography has effected a complete change in the art of caricaturing. Humorous sketches are seldom purchased, like works of a higher stamp, to be preserved and admired as specimens of art; and the interest of political caricatures in particular is limited and transient, consequently, cheapness is an essential requisite to their success; and, as they could never pay for the expense and labour of a finished engraving, they, for the most part, appeared, during the last generation, in the form of cheap, half-finished etchings, in which any attempt at shading was made by a confused mass of intersecting lines, which gave the whole drawing the effect of an outline sketched on a schoolboy's copy-book; or, if an attempt at procuring distinctness was made by the introduction of colour, it was laid on so carelessly and abundantly that the picture, when finished, resembled those libels on nature which we sometimes see on old-fashioned bed-curtains. We do not mean to apply these remarks to all the caricatures of the last century: on the contrary, many of them, for example, the works of Gilray, are both proofs of great genius and most favourable specimens of art; but we believe our description would include the great majority of the cheap prints of that age—those which were sold at the same comparative price as lithographic prints of a similar class are published for at the present day.

The most successful candidate for public favour in the new style of caricatures is the gentleman whose works are known as '*the Political Sketches of H. B.*' The title "*sketches*," is strictly appropriate, as they are less laboured and finished than most works, even of the same light class. This, however, is one of the artist's peculiar merits, as it is owing, in some measure, the striking effect of his likenesses. It is a trite remark, that a spirited sketch has generally more character and expression than a finished portrait; and, if we were metaphysicians, we would assign as a reason for this that the former contains only the most striking and peculiar features of the subject chosen, while the very circumstance which constitutes the "*finish*" of the latter is the introduction of what must be common to other subjects also, the presence of which, therefore, tends to lessen the distinction between them.

Another great merit of H. B.'s style is the absence of excessive exaggeration. Mere extravagance is, at best, but a poor substitute for real humour, and it is a fault to which caricaturists are particularly liable. We never find in his sketches either monstrous features or impossible attitudes. His figures are but humorous portraits.

From the nature of his subjects he is obliged constantly to introduce the same characters: this, in the works of a less fertile genius, would produce a most tiresome monotony; but he gives nearly as much variety to the different expressions of the same features as if the subjects chosen were distinct persons; and, though the sketches already published amount to more than 570, it would be difficult to find an instance of repetition or even a copy among them. Mr O'Connell, for example, with his fierce looks and mock heroic dignity, when he stands, as Van Amburgh, with his foot on the Lion's neck, is a perfect contrast to Mr O'Connell, with the look of penitence and mock-devotion before the skull and cross-bones, as a Trappist monk, and each is equally distinct from the cunning leer of satisfaction in the Lion's face for his share of Irish patronage. The stare of amazement in the face of the Duke of Wellington at the lecture of Lord Brougham on the seashore, and his hungry weather-beaten looks, as the traveller just arrived on the opposition coach, where the Ministers are comfortably seated after dinner, or the grave stare of offended innocence in the face of Lord Brougham disowning his bantling, the "*Letter to the Queen*," and the expression of disappointment, as the rejected coachman, are striking instances among many others of the same kind. We have remarked the general absence of extravagance from his sketches, and we may add that where, to introduce a variety, he has left his own peculiar style to indulge even in allowable exaggeration, he is seldom as happy as when he confines himself to his own province.

FOREIGN ART.

EXTRACT FROM THE LETTER OF AN ARTIST AT DUSSELDORF.—The Grand Duke of Russia, who is at this moment the "lion" of Europe, has honoured us with a visit. The circumstance excited a lively interest amongst our artists, for his fame had preceded him, and we found that he was not one of those niggardly connoisseurs who confine themselves to empty praise—but that he was ready freely to dispense his roubles in the purchase of good pictures, with a view to adorn his palaces at a future period, with the works of the first-rate living artists of every school and country. Under these circumstances, consequently, we arranged, as speedily as possible, an "extraordinary exhibition" in the saloon of the Academy. The Prince admired our works exceedingly, and purchased, amongst others, an 'Ice-escape,' (if I may use the term), by Achenbach, for 200 louis. Achenbach is famous for painting land and sea shores, sea shores, waterfalls, &c.; and since his return from a journey through Norway and Sweden, and along the shores of the Baltic sea, he has added to his favourite branch of painting, that of ice and snow pieces, and he increases the vivid reality of the scenes by introducing such animals as are peculiar to them; thus the gazer may imagine himself transported to the very spot which the artist has delineated. We do not overrate his skill in the composition and execution of this peculiar branch of the art, when we assert that he is superior in it to every other artist in Germany. Another picture which quickly attracted public attention was a landscape by Boss, representing a castle surrounded by the beautiful scenery of the Tyrol. The colouring of the landscape painters of Munich is open to objection—they have not sufficiently studied the art of mixing their colours; it is sometimes flat and dead, and wants that freshness and brilliancy which we admire in the works of French and English artists. John has at length finished his 'Tasso' and the 'Elenores'; the subject a scene in Goethe's Tasso. His pictures prove clearly that our school is far superior in colouring, although we—preferring the beautiful in Nature, and the sentimental in social life—must yield in grandeur to the majestic subjects of the Munich school. In John's picture there is an extraordinary display of colouring and the beauty which results from fine forms. Adolphus Schroedter, who lives on the best possible terms with the English families residing at Dusseldorf, he being a very good English scholar, has relinquished his projected tour to England, where he intended to exhibit his celebrated picture of 'Falstaff reviewing the Recruits.' I am convinced that he would have gained great honour by so doing, for he has completely embodied the very spirit of Shakspeare in his groups and figures, and his colouring is admirable. He is a prodigious favourite, for no sooner does a picture stand finished on the easel, (whatever the subject) than the possession of it is eagerly contended for by rival purchasers. Urged by these, he disposes of the fine conceptions of his fancy, and by this system of picture hunting the painter is prevented from gaining a reputation abroad, although, wherever his works are known, his name is mentioned with applause. Schroedter has painted another comic scene from Shakspeare, who seems ever to be present to his mind. It represents the meeting of Fluellen and ancient Pistol in King Henry V., act 5, scene 2d. The artist has here tried, for the first time, to apply the light effect of the English art of painting, which he considers well adapted for humorous subjects. Our school is hastening to add another merit to those which it already possesses. The old painters were very fond of etching their smaller designs. The art of engraving reached, in this way, the height of perfection. We only hint at Rembrandt, who developed in his beautiful etchings, the whole mystery of his clar-obscura, at Breughel, Callot, Holbein, and particularly at the great Albert Durer. Many of our painters are now endeavouring to follow the footsteps of the old masters. In every studio, you find not only

pencils, palette, and canvas, but also the needle, and the steel plate, and, indeed, some fine specimens of this neglected and almost forgotten art have appeared, which give great encouragement to persevere in it. We may here mention the etching of a beautiful landscape, painted by our Lessing, now in the possession of Mr John, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. It is a wild, mysterious, deep, valley, hemmed in by high rocks, and overshadowed by giant oaks, which have seen many generations gathered to their forefathers. The dense foliage is scarcely penetrated by a few straggling sun-beams, which gild a stream as it murmurs over its pebbled channel, and is lost in the distance. In the front an old oak tree stretches out its giant arms; to its stem is attached an image of the holy virgin, before which a Polish noble, and his lady are kneeling in fervent prayer, whilst two splendid steeds stand on the brink of the stream, and allay their thirst with its sparkling waters. A holy mystery seems to pervade the valley, and the pious devotion of the kneeling figures, harmonize finely with the sacred character of the scene. The execution of the etching was made perfect by the joint efforts of the painter Steinbrach, and the engraver Steifensand. Achenbach the painter, and Herfensand are about to etch sea shores with vessels and sailors, and Schroedter has not been idle in trying his talents in the same way. This humorous painter is etching the celebrated Baron Munchausen, telling the renowned adventures of his youth—a subject that will afford him the best opportunity of displaying his abilities to advantage. Mr Huegel, a young engraver, has almost finished the engraving of the celebrated 'Madonna' of our Deger, and the engraver, Muller, who has resided some years in England, is about beginning a larger engraving of the beautiful interior of the cathedral at Cologne. We have only to add that a young gentleman of fortune and good taste has at last taken up his residence at Dusseldorf, in order to form an establishment for the sale of engravings and lithographs. His first publication will be an album, to which the most eminent painters of Munich and Dusseldorf will contribute.

HOLLAND.—The exhibition of pictures, supported by the Dutch government, will take place this year at the Hague, from the 23d September to 23d October.

VERONA.—A member of the bar of Verona, named Pinelli, has formed a large collection of original designs, of the Venetian architect, Palladio, and has deposited them at the architect's house, at Vicenza, his native city, where they are to be accessible to architects, for the purpose of study.

ROME.—The annual exhibition is now taking place in Rome. The statue of a wounded gladiator, executed by Obici, of Modena, and a statue of Ajax, by Luccardi, of Mieline, are the most admired among the many contributions in sculpture. The water-colour drawings of Mr Nugent Dunbar (an Englishman), are spoken of with enthusiasm. A few weeks ago a rare discovery was made in Rome. Some workmen employed in digging the ground of a vineyard before the Porta Nigra, close to the old Prætorian camp, found an old untouched grave, which contained three sarcophagi of stone. On the outside of one of them the adventures of Niobe are worked so beautifully, as to surpass the sculpture on the famous sarcophagus preserved in the Vatican.

ENGRAVINGS IN PROGRESS.

A FRIEND, who has recently visited the Continent, in whose admiration of the arts we cordially join, has had the goodness to favour us with a brief account of the most remarkable works of engravings now in progress, both in France and Italy. In the former country the veteran Desnoyers has just completed the "Transfiguration" of Raphael, engraved nearly the same size as the celebrated print by Raphael Morghen. We are sorry to say it is a failure, being inferior to Morghen's, and very inferior to many of the early, but delightful, works of this exquisite artist. The delicacy which gives so pleasing a character to his 'Belle Jardinière,' his 'Vierge au Linge,' and the 'Vierge au Poisson,' is here quite wanting; there

is a hardness of outline, which makes it appear that he engraved it from a hard and dry copy, rather than from the original, by the divine painter. Mr Forster has far advanced with a sweet composition of Raphael's, in the collection of Mr Monro, in London. If this admirable artist equals his last print, the 'Vierge au bas relief,' of Leonardo, he will add greatly to our delight—for no print more pleases us than that delightful work. The engraver is now in London, touching from the original, the unfinished proof of his plate. The same engraver has also a sweet 'St Cecilia,' of Delaroche's, in progress; so sweet, indeed, that we may excuse him, for a while leaving Leonardo and Raphael, to devote himself to the distinguished Frenchman; but writing of Delaroche reminds us that Mons. Martinet, the able engraver of 'The Vierge a L'oiseau,' of Raphael, has advanced with the fine subject of Charles I, in prison, surrounded by the scoffing soldiers, in the collection of the Duke of Sutherland. The subject will no doubt render it very popular in England. Martinet has also far proceeded with the fine Raphael, in Lord Francis Egerton's collection, and which was formerly the Orleans picture, called the 'Vierge au Palmier,' from the circumstance of the holy family being seated under a group of palm trees. Dupont has brought nearly to a completion Delaroche's picture of Lord Strafford proceeding to his execution, and kneeling to receive the benediction of Archbishop Laud, also, in the collection of Lord Francis, and an admirable example of this truly great modern painter, a fourth subject of the artist is also in considerable progress—perhaps his most capital production—'The Execution of Lady Jane Grey,' in the collection of Prince Demidoff. Mercuri is the engraver, and for his wonderful execution we would refer to his *bijou*, the little 'St Amalie,' after the same artist: it no doubt will be a gem of the purest water. We are almost sorry to hear the celebrated Richomme is employing himself for a second time upon the 'Holy Family' of Raphael, in the Louvre, the well-known picture which was painted for Francis I, and known to the connoisseur by the distinguished print of Edelinck Richomme's former print, engraved for the Musée Royal, published by Mons. Laurent, is so exquisite that we fear it can hardly be expected the engraver will produce a work to outvie it. We had rather he had taken an unengraved picture by some other great master. All the above artists are line engravers. In Mezzotinto they are inferior to us in England. The only work we saw in progress of very distinguished merits was the 'Story Tellers of the Decameron,' from the most exquisite picture by Winterhalter—a picture so fine that, when age has a little sobered its tones, will vie with the Georgiones and Veroneses of old. We had almost forgotten the 'Poissoniers' of Leopold Robert (his last, but finest work), executed by M. Girard; but, as it is a composition, executed by a combination of line and mezzotinto, it may be safely placed at the end of this short notice of the most remarkable works now executing in France. In Italy Toski proceeds with his companion to the 'Lo Spasimo,' the 'Descent from the Cross,' of Daniel de Volterra, one of the glories of the Vatican, and certainly one of the most striking pictures ever executed. The old engraving, by Dorigny, hardly gives us the character of the picture. Toski, we doubt not, will make an admirable work of it. Anderloni still proceeds with his 'Stanza's of the Vatican,' of which he has already completed the Heliodorus and the Attila. Jesi, Felsing, and Perfetti are engaged on fine subjects, of Raphael, Correggio, Bartolomeo, &c. How happy we should be if we could wind up this account, by giving a list of what great works, after the old masters, the line engravers in England, were engaged upon; but a blank, or nearly so, is the case upon almost the subjects of a day they are employed, though surrounded by such a number of fine pictures, for a great number of the most excellent modern foreign engravings are from pictures in collections in this country. There can, therefore, be no reason why they should travel to obtain subjects. As to remuneration, if such works by foreign artists sell to such an amazing extent, why should not the productions of English engravers?

FRANCE.—THE WORKS OF LEOPOLD ROBERT.—Few artists of France have excited so much interest as Leopold Robert: he enjoyed a popularity in his lifetime which is not always the lot of genius, and which it might be supposed would have dissipated the morbid sensibility to which at last he became a victim—and that, too, at the very moment when his fame was highest, his hopes brightest, and his reward most sure. Born in the village of *Chaux-de-Fonds*, in the Canton of Neuchâtel, of parents whose humble situations in life served but to exhibit more clearly his high and original qualities of mind, but which were calculated also to beget cheerfulness,—it is a question for the philosopher to answer, how he could have so early yielded to such continued and engrossing melancholy. It is strange that his younger brother, Alfred, also terminated his existence at a very youthful age, exactly ten years before Leopold followed his fearful example. One brother, Aurèle, an artist of no mean repute, still remains, and is now the only hope of this once happy family. Leopold, at sixteen, was placed at Paris, under the care of M. Girardet, brother to the well-known engraver of that name, and himself a professor of the *Burin*. Here he made considerable progress; but his was not a genius to be satisfied with limited attainments. He became a diligent pupil in David's Studio, and continued one of his most devoted disciples until, in the year 1816, the celebrated painter was condemned to exile. This event determined the young artist to return to his own country; and there his portraits, remarkable for vigour and truth, attracted the attention of M. Roulet Mézerac, of Neuchâtel, who generously insisted on the youth's accepting from him the means of pursuing his studies at Rome. Leopold did so, but justly and honourably returned to his friend the money he had advanced; and not only repaid his excellent parents what they had disbursed from their small purse for his first improvements, but devoted the produce of his splendid abilities to ensure their comfort, and improve the condition of two dear sisters, whom he loved with all the deep enthusiasm of his ardent nature. He still resided at Rome, and one of the patrons of art in that city gave, as a subject for his pencil, 'Corinne improvisant au cap Misène.' It was in vain that, after grouping the foreground to the admiration of all who beheld it, he entreated permission to substitute two Neapolitan figures on the promontory—finding it impossible to bring in the formal dress of England, so as to be in keeping with the scenery; the "patron" would have the stiff cloth coats of the British. The young artist boldly declined the commission, and produced a picture, exhibited in 1824—'L'improvisateur Napolitain.' The simplicity of this picture is delicious; the attitude of the Improvisateur, who is seated on the height of the Cape, is at once one of energy and repose; the *Lazarone*, whose gaze is directed towards the principal figure, and who occupies with him the centre of the picture, is such as can be only seen in Italy. The scenery is perfect; and the other figures are in beautiful keeping with the scene and situation. It is impossible not to feel, while observing the composition of the picture, how admirably the painter managed to elevate the character of the people he represents, and yet to preserve their truthfulness. He continued to produce picture after picture with unabated vigour and increased reputation; and there is every reason to believe would still have been an ornament to society, and an honour to his country and profession, had he not formed an attachment which, though unsuspectingly encouraged, was not returned. Some have said that the melancholy which this originated deepened into madness, and that so he destroyed himself; but his brother's letters, published in Paris, lead to no such conclusion. The event which deprived art of one of its brightest ornaments occurred at Venice, and a simple stone at Lido covers the remains of Leopold Robert. But his monuments are multiplied throughout Europe; and the four great pictures now engraved, or engraving, by M. Prevost, will spread his fame even to those cottage homes of England where art is already multiplied by means of the graver's magic burin. We shall take an early opportunity of noticing them more in detail.

THE PORTRAITS OF THE QUEEN.

COPIES of her Majesty's gracious countenance are likely to be numerous enough to satisfy her subjects, without taking into account the current coin of the realm. At the present moment, she is sitting to Sir Francis Chantrey; Mr W. C. Ross is painting her portrait, as the court newsmen have it, "on a larger scale than those he has hitherto painted." Mr Leslie also has been honoured with several "sittings;" Mr Hayter has been a constant visitor at the Palace with his palette; Mr Fowler has been permitted to try his skill in immortalizing the Queen and herself; and Sir David Wilkie is, of course, fully occupied in studying that true alchemy—converting canvass into gold; Mr Steele, also, has been in attendance with his pencil; Mr Francis has also taken her bust; Mr Wyon is of course perpetuating her features; and, perhaps, there may be a score of other artists upon whom the honour has been conferred; to say nothing of M. Grevedon, who has made "a big picture" of her Majesty without seeing her; and half-a-dozen artists, at the least, who are introducing her into pictures of the Coronation. We confess that few of the portraits we have seen please us; most of our painters appear less ambitious to picture the fair young maiden than the British Queen; and as much importance seems to be attached to the Robes "Coronation," "Dalmatic," and so forth, as to the form and features of the Royal Lady. We have already referred to the work of the American, Mr Sully, as to us more pleasing and more characteristic than any we have seen. That of Mr Hayter we have also noticed, but not yet in a manner which its merits imperatively demand. We pass over altogether the dozens that have already appeared—every publisher of note has at least one. We have from time to time peeped at them all in the shop windows, and turned from them all—utterly dissatisfied; wishing that our Queen had followed the example of another Queen, and devised some mode of punishing those who libel her to her face. It is impossible not to be struck with the exceeding difference between one picture and another—both professing to be "portraits," and with the conviction that one or both must be as like her as the Sovereign Lady of the Sandwich Islands, or as the plaster "busts" which the Italian boys are now vending in the streets of her metropolis—"von scheeling." The great drawing—great in size, that is to say—of Mr Chalon, is by no means "to our liking;" it gives us but a faint idea of the gracious "girl;" all is exaggeration; her eyes are made large and staring, and her mouth is so open that one might swear she lisps—which she does not. Mr Chalon can paint a French madame far better than he can paint an English lady; the blonde lace and trimmings of which he is so profuse, being more becoming to the one than to the other. Of portraits of the Queen, therefore, there are, or are to be, a rich abundance. We borrow an extract upon this subject from the letter of a fair friend:—"There is not a palace, a house, a lodging—an attic, where laundress and sempstress ply their [daily trade—hardly a cottage in the woods and wilds of England, but that fair young face looks brightly upon those who are ever ready to greet loyalty with welcome and devotion—the queenly countenance hangs as a medal round the neck of the little pale milk-boy, who shows his treasure as he passes through the village to every lad and lass he meets. When monarchs are unpopular in England, the fault has been their own—we are taught loyalty from our birth; we have been—hitherto, that is to say—and if the promise of that royal face be not untrue—so shall our children be taught. The English would be disposed to reverence the smallest jewel in a crown that decked the brows of a beloved ruler—the royal family of England belong to them—they are their own—their kings, queens, princes, and princesses; and even when enjoying the privilege of grumbling in true English fashion, if they happen to be displeased, they would die for them, nevertheless. How much then must they love their fair young

Queen—the very sound stirs up the old feeling of chivalry within us; reminding us that,

"The brightest page of Britain's story
Records her wealth, and power, and glory,
When England's sovereign was a queen."

What then may we not hope from this, our royal lady—hope, while we pray that heaven will direct her councils, and shield her from all harm! A little while she was a child amongst us—a young and lovely child—blessed, and blessing those within her sphere. A very little while, and we saw the Crown of England upon her brows. What a beautiful picture she was when she first knelt down on the day of her coronation; when the uncertain sun shone suddenly in, on that fair young head, with its curve and form of pride, and its attitude of submission. It was impossible then, and it is impossible always, not to be struck with the wonderful contrast between the child-like fragility of her face and form, and the exceeding majesty which neither the delicacy of her features, nor her want of stature, can prevent from instantly striking every beholder—her large, bright, soft, and blue eyes—half German, half English—very peculiar, keen, clear, and thoughtful. Her mouth she never shuts, and all the artists have caught hold of this silent expression of a mouth, which, when speaking, completely changes its character, and the smile of which abounds in kindness and welcome. There is, moreover, throughout the face (if we may be permitted the word) a queenly telling of firmness and decision, mingled with a keen sense of the ridiculous; and a light, cheerful laughter, whose voice is very music. She has the circlet of her young days, like a glory of rays round her head; and as she grows older, most devoutly do we pray that each day may add another glory!"

SOCIETY-MEETINGS.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

Mr T. L. Donaldson, the Hon. Secretary of the Institute, having announced his intention of resigning the office he has so worthily held since the first establishment of the society, a number of the members met together on Monday evening, the 30th of April, to take into consideration the best means of testifying the sense they entertain of his zealous services in their cause; and it was resolved that a subscription should be opened for the purpose of presenting to him some lasting memorial of their esteem. A committee having been appointed to carry into effect the wishes of the meeting, nearly forty guineas were subscribed in the room. Mr Donaldson's exertions for advancing the prosperity of the Institute entitle him to all the praises which were bestowed upon him by the various speakers who addressed the meeting.

"The Graphic Society," "the Artists' Conversation," and "the Artists' and Amateurs' Conversation," have closed their meetings for the season 1838-9. Each, and all, have contributed largely to the enjoyment, and to information derived from works of art; and have promoted that social intercourse which cannot fail to produce beneficial effects.

We believe that, in general, the members have fairly exerted themselves to promote the objects, without attaining which, such institutions must dwindle into mere places of gossip or amusement; but the observations we have made suggest to us the necessity of their seeking out opportunities for placing objects of interest and novelty continually upon their tables; of watching the arrivals of distinguished strangers from the Continent, or from the Provinces, and inducing artists more generally to believe, that by exhibiting their pictures at the meetings of such societies, they by no means impair their freshness, or lessen the effect they are afterwards to produce. Hints may be given and received with advantage; and they will frequently find, that valuable suggestions will have been made, that lead to certain improvement. We know that there is an unwise delicacy concerning this point; artists seem to think they will incur the charge of desire for display—a mistake, we humbly think, from which some evil, but no good, arises.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY. THE SEVENTY-FIRST EXHIBITION. 1839.

FOR nearly three quarters of a century "THE ROYAL ACADEMY" has presided over the Fine Arts of Great Britain. In the year 1839, we are not called upon to explain the circumstances out of which it arose, or the earlier struggles against which it had to contend, or the objects for the promotion of which it was expressly chartered. The public have been supplied with abundant information upon this topic, both from friends and enemies—but most largely, if not most liberally, from enemies. As, however, this is the first opportunity we have had of expressing our sentiments on the subject, we shall not consider ourselves "out of order" if we occupy some space in contributing to the materials which already exist for ascertaining the merits or demerits of an Institution, the only one in the kingdom, representing the Arts, incorporated by Royal Charter. We are, indeed, anxious to do so; because, notwithstanding that so much has been said and written,—that a close and searching parliamentary scrutiny has gone through its books,—that its officers have been examined before a committee of the house,—that every tittle of evidence against it has been raked up from every quarter,—that its opponents have given private lessons for the instruction of its prominent and influential adversaries,—that, in short, prodigious efforts have been made to excite popular prejudice to its injury, and that such efforts have notoriously failed;—occasional attempts are still made to lower it in public estimation, to show that its original formation was impolitic, that its existing arrangements are unjust, and that it influences the Arts of the Kingdom, not for their benefit, but to their injury. Within the last few weeks, two or three pamphlets, taking more or less this unjustifiable view, have been laid before us,—one, being the report of "A Society for obtaining free access to Public Monuments, &c.;" another "A Letter to Sir Martin Archer Shee," by the Secretary of the Art Union of London,—a gentleman of considerable attainments and desirous of being a fair and honourable opponent, but who has adopted some of the notions we consider erroneous. In the first-named publication, hints are conveyed that Parliament will be again called upon to interfere in the affairs of a society with which it has no more to do than with the rights and privileges of any private gentleman. Moreover, no fewer than five letters have been transmitted to us, expecting, and in one case insisting, that we should appear in the ranks of its enemies. For these reasons we conceive ourselves bound to express our opinions fully, freely, and without reserve. We know that we shall receive no thanks from the Academy for so doing. That body has always most unwisely, if not absurdly, professed indifference to the comments of the Public Press; they have made enemies of many who might have been friends—or, at least, have remained neutral; and have seemed rather to court than avoid the hostility of those who direct the opinions of thousands. In their desire to shun the semblance of walking through by-ways to public favour, they have gone to the opposite extreme, and have seemed to treat with contumely those who, after all, are the only channels by which public favour can be dispensed. Much of the bitterness manifested towards them may be traced to this source. We are, therefore, perfectly aware that our task of defending the Royal Academy will be without thanks—but we shall discharge our duty none the less. We have no partialities to mislead us on the one hand, nor have we prejudices to overcome on the other. We desire, by every means in our power, to aid in establishing the Royal Academy in public confidence; because, by so doing, we advance the interests of British art, of which they are the appointed guardians; and, because, we entirely and conscientiously believe that no body enjoying "a monopoly" has ever used power so little for their own objects, or so much to forward the great design for which they were incorporated.

The circumstance we have referred to, while it has left the Academy open to attack, has prevented the public from ascertaining on what it rests for defence; consequently there is still a great degree of igno-

rance abroad, in reference both to what it does and what it does not; and sins, both of omission and commission, are perpetually laid to its charge. It is a common opinion that to some extent at least, it is maintained by the Nation; and that its funds are expended by the members only upon themselves. The President has, indeed, put forth two or three pamphlets to set these points at rest; but he knows how difficult it is to induce the general perusal of publications of the kind. We speak what we know, when we assert that many who ought to be better informed believe the Royal Academy to derive funds from Government, and to devote these funds only to their own purposes. Can it be matter of surprise that this impression prevails, when we hear a member of parliament at a public meeting saying what is tantamount to the former, and infers the latter?

Mr Hume has laboured—and, perhaps, effectually—so to confuse facts regarding it, as to render it difficult for the truth to circulate. The hon. gentleman is, if we may so express ourselves, constitutionally ignorant of all that appertains to art; we doubt if he can distinguish the style of Howard from that of Etty, or indeed if he has ever heard, so as to notice, the name of either; but he has placed himself forward as the leader of certain "discontented and repining spirits," endeavoured to give a political taint to its Charter; to rouse a spirit of animosity against it; and to remodel it, in accordance with the suggestions he receives from persons interested in its destruction.

We conceive, therefore, we shall discharge our duty to the public, if we put them in possession of the true facts upon which the Royal Academy rests its claim to the support it has so long received—the only support, indeed, it has ever asked for, or wished for; but not the only support it ought to have obtained; for we hold it to be creditable to our national character that no grant of public money has ever issued from the Exchequer to encourage and improve the arts of Great Britain.

First, then, as to its funds: the Public has never been called upon to support the Academy; it receives nothing from Government, except the loan of a suite of rooms. These rooms are now part of the National Gallery; but they belong to the Academy as justly as if they had been purchased and paid for. Their original residence they received as a gift from George III.—such residence being, at the time he gave it, his Majesty's private property. And when, subsequently, he disposed of that property to the Nation, he expressly stipulated that apartments in lieu thereof, should be fitted up for, and appropriated to, the Academy in Somerset House. Their removal from Somerset House to Trafalgar square may have been beneficial to the members, but the transfer was also a public convenience. The apartments they formerly occupied they have resigned to the Crown. Its income is derived solely from its annual exhibitions; the sum thus collected is disbursed in payments for the maintenance of the schools, in salaries to professors, keeper, librarian, and secretary, and the necessary servants; for the delivery of lectures; for the prizes distributed every year; in maintaining a student on the continent; and, above all, in supporting decayed artists, their widows, and children—not the widows and children of members only; large sums have been distributed among those whose only claim upon it, was that they or their progenitors had been meritorious labourers in the profession. A sum of 300,000*l.* has been raised by the Academy, since its foundation, from one only source—its annual exhibition. For nearly half a century, there was no other institution for educating artists; no other "charity" to which distressed artists could apply for relief; and both projects were largely accomplished without a call having ever been made upon the Country to assist in forwarding objects in which the country was deeply interested.—England being, we believe, the only civilized nation of the world which has never granted money from the public coffers to accomplish a purpose not deemed alone desirable, not alone honourable, but necessary; necessary to extend its fame, to improve its citizens, and to uphold its intellectual rank.

Serious objections are made, first, to limiting the number of members; next, to the manner in which

they are elected; next, to its mode of government, and next, that the best candidates are not always chosen. Probably, as artists have so largely increased of late years, it might be now desirable to add to the body. We say probably; for it is at least problematical. The distinction would be less coveted and, consequently, less laboured for, if it were of much easier attainment; and it has been rarely found that a painter of high merit has had to wait very long before he "took honours." The society now consists of forty; if ten were added to it, there may be, at this precise moment, ten justly entitled to the promotion; but there have been several years when it would have been very difficult to find so many who unquestionably deserved it; and to select from among such as were below the line of mediocrity, would have been an onerous and painful task, and have given universal offence to the excluded—among whom there might have been dozens with pretensions quite as lofty.

The recognition of Associates is also objected to as a distinction degrading rather than elevating; but this objection will, we think, have little weight when it is borne in mind that they are, in point of fact, simply in the position of candidates for admission—a formality absolutely essential in all public bodies; and without which it would be impossible for a society to know with accuracy where to recruit its ranks. The Engravers complain, with some show of justice, that they are incompetent for promotion; but upon this topic there is a strong difference of opinion among engravers themselves; and certainly they are so very numerous that to select a few from them might be invidious, and prevent their doing that which they are now about to do—forming a Chartered Institute of their own. It should also be recollected—as a consideration of some value—that engravers have abundant opportunities of exhibiting their works. Every street of the metropolis enables the public to become familiar with their style and merits—an advantage which the painter cannot have. The subject is, however, one which involves so many points, that we cannot at present think of discussing it.

The Academy is governed by a President and a council of eight, who are chosen annually. There have been four presidents—Reynolds, West, Lawrence, and Shee. No complaints have been made against either the policy or practice of the three first of them; and if it has been considered that when the last vacancy was filled up the Academicians might have chosen a Painter of higher attainments in art, it was the universal opinion that no one could have been selected better fitted to represent the body in all cases where conciliatory courtesy, scholarship, habits of business, zeal for his profession, and high and upright character, were deemed requisite. Sir Martin Archer Shee has given abundant proof that his brethren, in appointing him, made a most wise and prudent choice. When there is a vacancy in the Academy, the whole body elects to it, and the elections are by ballot. It is obviously the interest of the institution to select from among the candidates the artist who is most distinguished, inasmuch as its funds being dependent solely on the attractions of its exhibition, it is essential to secure the co-operation of the most approved and popular painter. That they have done so within the last five or six years is admitted on all hands. Who among the candidates for election as associates have been more "approved and popular" than the eight elected during that period—Maclise, Hart, Knight, Patten, C. Landseer, Ross, Roberts, Westmacott; or, who among the associates have been more worthy than Gibson, Stanfield, Uwins, Wyon, Lee, Briggs and Allan? It is certain that, with one or two exceptions, and these from circumstances easy of explanation—the leading one being that a long-ago pique prevented the artists from "putting down their names" as candidates for admission—no artist of high and acknowledged ability has been passed over to make room for one less esteemed, or less deserving.

Some years ago a frequent complaint was made, that gross favouritism was shown in "hanging" the pictures; and beyond doubt occasionally a me-

ritorious work was fixed either too high or too low, while one of a less worthy character was placed on a level with the eye. Such instances, however, were rare; they were loudly commented upon when they did occur; while but little notice was taken of the fact, that many painters, perfectly unknown and without influence, had stations assigned to them which they would themselves have chosen if called upon to do so. We might mention many cases in point; but our safest course is to draw attention to those supplied by the exhibition of this year. "On the line" the visitor will perceive paintings, all of large size—we do not take into account those of smaller dimensions—by Douglas Cowper, John Wilson, jun., J. Hollins, J. Severn, T. Woodward, A. D. Cooper, R. Redgrave, R. S. Lauder, J. Renton, T. Creswick, G. Lance, W. Simson, J. Wood, A. Fraser, F. Grant, H. O'Neil, F. P. Stephanoff, H. P. Parker, and several others; while above and below "the line" are many works by members and associates.

In the earlier part of these remarks we made reference to two publications, having for their common object certain changes in the character and constitution of the Royal Academy. The one which bears the signature of the Secretary of a "Society for obtaining free access to Public Monuments," is unfair and disingenuous. His design is to confound the Academy with the Tower and Westminster Abbey—the property of the Nation;—although, as we have shown, and as he cannot but know, the right which may be admitted as regards the one cannot be contended for with respect to the other. We are by no means satisfied that, even if the Academy consented to give up its only source of income—to dismiss its lecturers, to recall its students, and to shut the doors against all applicants for charity—that any real benefit would result to the community at large. It is not however designed, we imagine, to go quite so far; but that, according to the milder construction of Mr Edwardes, the public should be admitted free "during a certain period." Now we believe there are very few of "the people" unable to pay one shilling once a-year, who care to examine works of art; the tax is so trifling as to be no grievance; and we venture to assert, that, if the rooms were thrown open "for a certain period," all who had decent habits and feelings would prefer to visit it—paying their shillings—to the sort of beggarly admission against which independence revolts. Such would not be the case, if the right of entrance-free were universally conceded; but such it would assuredly be, if such right were only "for a certain period." Either the gallery would be empty on such occasions, or it would be filled with half-brutalized gazers, who could receive neither instruction nor enjoyment from the sight. John Bull has an honest pride of his own, and does not like to be distinguished from the more substantial citizen, as the man who is to get his treat for nothing. We contend then, that unless admission were made free to all without distinction, and for the whole period of the exhibition, no good could arise to any; and we argue, farther, that if this principle were applied to the Royal Academy, it ought to be applied to every other exhibition—talking singing-birds, dioramas, wonderful giants, Polytechnic Institutions, and what not. The project of the "Society" has, we are aware, been partially acted upon—we have noticed the cases of Edinburgh and Newcastle—but free admission has been only given to public bodies, such as Mechanics' Institutes, and in no instance that we know to the public generally. The fact is, that the Secretary and "the Society" both appear to be less stimulated by a desire to contribute to the enjoyments of "the people" than to attack the Royal Academy, with a view to humbling it, and placing it in a disadvantageous position before the public. The assertion, that it "retards the progress of taste and civilization," is meant to imply more than that it refuses to dispense with its shilling fee, and is one of the modes by which it is sought to disseminate prejudice against it. The pamphlet which Mr Edwardes, the Secretary to the "Art-Union of London," has printed "for private circulation," has been written with a very different feeling. He is at least a generous

opponent, and aims to be a just one. His principal project for removing complaints and renovating its constitution, is to place the management of the "Exhibition" in the hands of an "elective" body, chosen by the whole of the exhibitors, of a certain standing. How many are to compose the body he does not inform us; whether the members of the Academy, being "exhibitors," are eligible to be included in it; neither does he enlighten us as to what he means by "a certain standing;"—whether such men as we see, for the first time this year, climbing suddenly to the topmost branch of the tree, are to be excluded from it; how the election is to take place; whether the elected are to have any acknowledged head to guide them; and if not, who is to arbitrate in case of squabbles, and decide in the event of differences irreconcilable; whether "most votes are to carry it;" and if so, whether the votes are to be taken when all the hangers are present, or when only one hanger is by; whether they are to be responsible or irresponsible, and if the former, to whom; whether they are to be known or unknown to the public; whether they are, or are not, to be paid for some three weeks of incessant, irksome, and thankless labour; whether each person elected is to be compelled to act "will he will he;" and when all is done, which of the hangers an ill-used artist is to call to account for undertaking a task he was not forced to undertake as a part of his duty. In short, a more visionary scheme was never, we think, proposed; it is so obviously absurd that we marvel a gentleman of taste and ability could seriously propose it and consider his proposition as "at once just, practicable, and perfectly safe, as regards all existing interests." Yet this is Mr Edwardes' panacea for all the evils which beset the Royal Academy.

With how much greater pleasure do we transcribe from his pamphlet the following passage:—"Far from entertaining any sentiment of hostility to the Royal Academy, I can view it with no feelings save those of gratitude for the past and of confident hope for the future. That it greatly needs alteration in some of its features, I regard as but the inevitable result of social progress; nor can I at all understand that new and mysterious doctrine of "free trade in Art," which, contrary to all experience, proposes to advance the Fine Arts by depriving artists of the most important of the meagre honours they at present enjoy, and by destroying that school which has, at least, trained a very considerable proportion of the best artists who have at any time adorned our country."

"Some of its features" may, no doubt, be improved,—there may be many matters worthy of consideration with a view to change;—we have no doubt they have received it; but, after all, they are very minor in their nature and their consequences.

We hope that this article may not be misunderstood; we have nothing to hope or to fear from the Royal Academy. As we have intimated, they affect indifference to the opinions of the public press; it is the only society which extends no privilege to its conductors, forgetting altogether that what *must* be done ought to be done well—that to do it well all reasonable facilities should be given, and that to examine their Exhibition, in the midst of a dense crowd, is wearisome, disheartening, and unfavourable, both to the critic and the criticised. Our opinions are put forth in the conscientious discharge of our duty. We have already, occupied a larger space than we can well spare; but we think the public will scarcely complain that a Journal, asking its confidence and labouring to deserve it, should endeavour to place in a just and favourable light an Institution which, for nearly two-thirds of a century, has sustained, improved, and advanced the arts of Great Britain—almost alone and altogether unassisted. Without going the lengths of Lord Shaftesbury and the scholars of his training, and pronouncing that "taste and the moral sense are one," and that an appreciation of The Beautiful is the sure associate of Virtue, who can doubt that, to cultivate a feeling for the graceful and refined—to familiarize the mind to what is true in Nature and in her copyists—to stir the heart and the fancy by depicting the pathetic and the humorous—to excite honourable ambition and emulation by presenting forcible records of

national glory—to stimulate exertion in the highways that lead to fame, by continually placing before the aspirant examples of its achievement—are so many effectual modes of education, so many aids in forwarding the great cause of humanity—so many objects, in the strongest and best sense of the term, "NATIONAL!"

We have now to introduce our readers to THE EXHIBITION for the year 1839—the Seventy-first Exhibition of the Royal Academy. We do not hesitate to say that it is altogether SATISFACTORY. It contains few pictures of an absorbing character; there are none, perhaps, on which the eye fixes and the mind dwells, to the exclusion of all others; but there is abundant proof of a safe and sure progress in our British artists. We are at once conscious that a more general excellence prevails, that a meretricious character is rapidly disappearing, and that our students have learnt to know that Genius cannot succeed without the help of Thought and Industry. We look around the walls, and we are at once struck with the change that has taken place within a few years; the white garish hues have given way to a deeper and sterner tone of colour. On examining, we ascertain the cause of this:—our artists have laboured, have studied, have reasoned, and reflected; opportunities for acquiring KNOWLEDGE have been placed within their reach, and they have been seized and applied to purpose. While there is no falling off in the great masters, there are proofs of excellence in the younger spirits they have taught. No three years put together of the last century have produced so many high class pictures by exhibitors hitherto unknown or not known very advantageously. The Exhibition of 1839 is therefore the most "satisfactory" which this country has yet witnessed; because it affords evidence, not only of existing talent of the highest order, but of improvement, not to be mistaken, in the junior members of the profession; we say this without the fear of contradiction by any who will go carefully, and in a fair spirit, through the rooms. We cannot expect our views will be those of persons who glance along the walls, stroll about for an hour, find that Mr This has outdone himself, and that Mr That has not surpassed his former efforts, and depart with a murmur that the collection is "an average one." Such is not the way in which it should be judged, but we lament to say that so it has been judged; and thus our national character is lowered by the very persons who should uphold it. This is cause far more for sorrow than for anger. Our judges decide, but will not examine—sentence, but will not hear.

We have but one circumstance to regret connected with the Exhibition;—it contains no work of Hilte's, beyond question the greatest historic painter, not of the country, but of the age. Can it be possible that the artist has had no "commission" during the past year, and that he is "weary of well doing" in the absence of adequate recompense? If so, how sadly must our national pride dwindle; if dogs and horses, foolish faces, and brute beasts, are painted "to order" and make their producers rich, shall we boast, therefore, that we, as a people, know how to estimate art, and covet the distinction of acknowledged excellence? Where be our wealthy nobles, our rich merchants, our princely traders? What are our public, our "national," institutions about? We trust that our apprehension is erroneous, and that we must attribute the absence of Mr Hilton from these walls to any cause but the want of encouragement. We are almost selfish enough to hope that it has arisen from illness, and that we may find some cause more tolerable than that of our national dishonour. Callcott is also an absentee—so is Chantrey—so is Stanfield—so is Roberts; and although there are many valuable contributors among the younger aspirants, they cannot make sufficient amends for the loss of these five. It is understood that the accomplished lady of Sir Augustus Callcott has been so dangerously ill that his mind has not been of late turned to his profession. Mr Stanfield has but recently returned from a long tour in Italy; and Mr Roberts is travelling in the East. Why Sir Francis Chantrey has not added to the exhibition we cannot conceive. He is sadly missed from the sculpture room.

THE EAST ROOM.

No. 5. 'Portrait of Lady Mordaunt;' Mrs Carpenter. One of the most gracefully managed and ably painted portraits in the collection. The lady is stately and beautiful, and the artist has deemed it unnecessary to associate with her fair form those extraneous "aids" which are so frequently considered advantageous to a picture. There is nothing but the portrait, and a sober back ground; no glaring red or gaudy green curtain has been introduced, hanging from an awkward pillar, or a budding tree. There is a degree of classic simplicity in the arrangement;—it is painted with great skill, and manifests a thorough knowledge of the capabilities of art in dealing with subjects not always calculated for it. We may take an early opportunity of entering our protest against the silly and groundless objections so frequently urged against portrait-painting. Leaving out of sight the gratification it so largely produces, the beneficial examples of which it is so fertile, and its enviable privilege of perpetuating the memories of the great and good, or the merely beloved—as a branch of art it is entitled to the highest respect and admiration. To produce a fine and effective portrait, is perhaps, the most difficult task in the whole range of the profession. Ten fail for one who succeeds. It requires qualities rarely combined, and such as have been obtained only by persons of the very highest genius. Among the richest and most prized productions of the old masters, portraits hold a very foremost rank, considered merely in reference to their character and value as works of art.

No. 6. 'Scene from the Burletta of Midas;' D. MacIise, A.R.A. Sileno is described as introducing the disguised Apollo to his wife and daughters. The old woman greets him with abuse, the young girls murmur their delight—"so modest, so genteel"—while Apollo sings,

"Pray goody please to moderate."

And this is certainly an exquisite picture, full of point and character; the scolding looks of the mother, the archness of her daughters, and the vexation expressed by Sileno, are capably expressed. The minor details are all admirably made out. The colouring is no doubt too slight, and, perhaps, cold; but with the conception of the work, and its arrangement, no fault can be found. There is no question but that the next member of the Royal Academy will be Daniel MacIise. He is still a young man—his years, we imagine, are under thirty—and he has established his position as a leading artist of the age. From one who has already done so much, how much more may be expected! His course has been one of progressive excellence.

No. 13. 'River Scene, Devonshire;' F. R. Lee, R.A. An excellent landscape, truly and characteristically English. A humble cottage nestles under lofty trees; at the foot of it rushes a miniature cataract, down which some peasants are labouring to drag the trunk of a huge century-old denizen of the forest. The picture is somewhat broken into bits; it seems to want a concentration of light, but it is well designed, and executed with considerable vigour. The artist is always bold in the use of green colour, but we think never injudiciously so.

No. 20. 'The Broken Heart!' J. P. Knight, A.R.A. A very touching picture of a deeply touching scene. The young girl is dying—dying of that disease for which there is no cure. Her weeping sister looks sadly and hopelessly on her—she knows her secret; her parents are seeking consolation from the Bible, but the mother's thoughts are away from the sacred book and with her stricken child, to whom she turns her mournful gaze; even the little dog sympathizes with the sorrow he cannot dispel. The principal figure is admirably, though disagreeably, true—the wasted form, the woe-worn features, the wandering mind of the poor maiden, are full of pathos. "Is she thinking of her faithless lover, or of the church-yard," where she will soon soundly sleep? The hands are of a livid hue—not white and bloodless, as they should be, but of an unnatural blue tint, as if they had caught their shadow from the drapery thrown around her limbs. Altogether, the picture is not one we should like to look upon often—an evil for which its good qualities do not compensate.

No. 41. 'Card Players;' F. Goodall. A well composed and cleverly painted picture, representing the interior of a Normandy cabaret, with a group of French soldiers playing cards. The children, who play a pleasanter game round the tables' feet, are finely pictured.

No. 43. 'The Fighting "Temeraire" tugged to her last berth, to be broken up;' J. M. W. Turner, R.A. This is, perhaps, the most wonderful of all the works of the greatest master of the age; a picture which justifies the warmest enthusiasm:—the most fervent praise of which cannot incur the charge of exaggeration. We pity those, if there be such, who cannot enjoy it as we have done. It is a painted "ode," as fine and forcible as ever came from the pen of poet; it will live in the memory associated with the noblest productions of those who have made themselves immortal by picturing with words. The venerable victor in a hundred fights is tugged to his rest by a paltry steam-boat, upon whom he looks down with powerless contempt:—the old bulwark of a nation governed and guided by the mean thing that is to take his place! On one side is the setting sun—emblem of the aged ship—its glory tinged the clouds with brilliancy, but with little warmth; while on the other is the young moon—type of the petty steamer—about to assume its station in the sky. The picture is, indeed, a nobly composed poem,—one to which the pen of genius can add nothing in the way of illustration.

No. 45. 'Forbidden Fruit;' R. Farrier. A set of mischievous urchins are stealing apples. The story is well told, but the colouring is cold and chalky, and does not afford proof that the artist is improving. His "thoughts" are better than his powers of execution. It is, we fear, because he neither studies nor labours as he ought to do.

No. 49. 'The Rencontre;' W. F. Witherington, A.R.A. The rencontre takes place between the protector of a flock of goslings and a troublesome cur, who is striving to attack them, yelping and running round the pond which he fears to enter. The group of children, enjoying the fun, is painted with considerable care, and evinces much talent. The pictures of this artist are always pleasant, though not of a high order. He selects his subjects well.

No. 57. 'Who can this be?' C. R. Leslie, R.A. A title Mr Leslie has given to a work of the highest merit in design; if he could colour as he conceives, he would be unrivalled in his age. A fair young dame of the olden time is leaning on the arm of an "approved good senior," to whom a gallant approaches and bows low. That he is the admirer, perchance the lover, of the gentle maiden, who can doubt? This picture and its "companion" are the property of a gentleman—at once largely liberal and unobtrusive—who, in a quiet nook at Blackheath, has collected some of the rarest treasures of British art, and who has done more, in his own gentle and generous manner, to advance its true interests than half the magnates of the land; a gentleman whose name every lover of art, except himself, delights to hear mentioned, and whose retiring habits unfortunately prevent the advantages that might arise from the influence of his example. These pictures of Leslie are worthy to be added to the choicest, if not the most extensive, collection in the kingdom. The artists labour for him *con amore*; so highly is he esteemed, that he is sure to possess their best works.

No. 58. 'The Pride of the Village;' J. C. Horsley. The same subject that Mr Knight has selected, but, of course, differently treated, and certainly not of inferior merit. The dying maiden leans on the shoulder of her sad mother. Her face is exquisitely painted; it tells the mournful story of her life. Mr Horsley is among the young artists of the day who are rapidly rising to eminence.

No. 60. 'Portrait of the Earl of Aberdeen;' Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A. A finely painted portrait, by the President of the Academy; a striking likeness of the noble lord, and an agreeable one; just such a one indeed as we desire to see of men to whom the nation is indebted; without exaggeration, without undesirable aid from fancy, and yet pleasantly preserving the features and exhibiting "the man."

No. 61. 'Sir David Baird discovering the Body of the Sultan Tippoo Saib, after having captured

Seringapatam, on the 4th of May, 1799;' Sir D. Wilkie, R.A. What shall we say of this picture? What but that we lament the expenditure of so much time to so little purpose, by an artist whose every scrap of covered paper is of value. It is not a work of the grand class; it will add nothing to the fame of the great painter. In parts it is undoubtedly admirable, but as a whole it is a DISAPPOINTMENT. The principal figure is undignified; we have seen bad actors often assume the position, a sort of "My name is Norval" attitude, uneasy and ungraceful. The highlander and the figures in the foreground are unquestionably good and effective; but where all cannot be praised there is much to blame in an artist whom the voice of society and the suffrages of his professional brethren have placed on the highest pinnacle of fame. We feel grieved when we consider what we have lost; how many delicious pictures this large canvass has cheated the world of; we shall be joined by tens of thousands when we entreat Sir David to leave these matters for weaker men, and paint again the scenes and characters which have made his name immortal, and that come home to the hearts of all who worship nature and appreciate art. We would not be understood as considering this work an inferior one—it is inferior only because it is the production of Wilkie's pencil. It is beyond question the best in the Academy; but this is not sufficient praise to satisfy us. It has been painted for the brave general's widow.

No. 66. 'Ancient Rome;' J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Another of Turner's gorgeous works;—a reckless example of colour, but admirable in conception, and brilliant in execution. The critics who protest against his using too much yellow, will this year have to complain of his dealing too much in red. As usual, he has introduced "a story" into his picture; he describes "Agrippina landing with the ashes of Germanicus," and has summoned his fancy to restore the ancient glories of the eternal city; to present to the spectators its triumphs of art, and the acts and persons by which and whom it was made immortal.

No. 69. 'The Princess Mary of Cambridge;' E. Landseer, R.A. One of Mr Landseer's happiest pictures; a sweet child giving lessons to a superb Newfoundland dog; but it seems to us that the dog is exaggerated, or that the child is "small for her years." It is finely and carefully painted, and worthy of an artist whose works are "famous" all over the world.

No. 70. 'Modern Rome;' J. M. W. Turner, R.A. A fine and forcible contrast to No. 66. The glory has departed. The eternal city, with its splendours—its stupendous temples, and its great men—all have become a mockery and a scorn. The plough has gone over its grandeurs, and weeds have grown in its high places.

No. 81. 'Portrait of his Grace the Duke of Somerset;' H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. A masterly portrait; painted with exceeding care, finished to a high degree of excellence, and composed with a view to quiet dignity of attitude and expression. It is undoubtedly the produce of much thought; not the less certain, because it is not at once obvious; and it has been wrought upon with great labour and minute attention to all its necessary details.

No. 82. 'Who can this be from?' C. R. Leslie, R.A. This picture is a companion to that we have already referred to. It is a most delightful work, although somewhat cold and "chalky;" a defect which is the more apparent because it is placed near paintings of very brilliant colour. The fair maiden has been sent a letter by her "bowing" lover; which she hesitates at receiving. The contrast between the aristocratic lady and the homely serving wench, who conveys the epistle, is capably given.

Nos. 83 and 84. 'A Wedding of Contadini,' and 'A newly-made Nun taking leave of her Family;' T. Uwins, R.A. Two cabinet pictures, full of character and expression, and telling interesting and pathetic "stories." They are both elaborately finished, as cabinet pictures ought to be; for that which must necessarily be placed, in consequence of its size, near the eye, should be more highly wrought than that which is designed to be placed at a distance from it.

No. 90. 'Poor Travellers at the door of a Capuchin Convent, near Vico, Bay of Naples;' W. Collins, R.A. The most attractive of the three pictures which Mr Collins this year exhibits as the results of his long continental tour; and which will, we think, be generally considered as the most agreeable and interesting of the whole Gallery. "He travels to good purpose who takes notes." Mr Collins has added largely to his stock of knowledge—previously extensive; and has undoubtedly improved his mind by cultivating acquaintance with Nature in lands other than his own. His paintings have a stronger, deeper, and firmer tone. At one time, we thought he used his colours too sparingly, as if he grudged to lay them on. He has got rid of this defect. What truth there is in this composition, what happy arrangement, what delicacy of effect, what skill in grouping, what perfect harmony of colour! every part is excellent. A group of beggars are at the door of a way-side convent; they are completely Italian; in the distance is the Bay of Naples.

No. 98. 'A posthumous Portrait of the Earl of Egremont;' T. Phillips, R.A. A finely painted portrait of one of the "noblest men that ever lived in the tide of time;"—a noble of nature as well as of the land—one whose memory is treasured by thousands whose aching hearts he healed. If he anticipated, during his life, but a tithe of the gratitude he excited for the blessings he bestowed, his feelings may well be envied.

No. 99. 'Francfort-sur-le-Mein;' G. Jones, R.A. A fine example of an artist who is always excellent, whether he copies an old building, describes a battle, or embodies the creation of some classic poet. No painter more happily combines the real with the poetical—the actual with the imaginative.

No. 102. 'Glendalough;' T. Creswick. One of the most wonderful scenes in nature: the

"Lake whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er."

Mr Creswick has succeeded in giving an accurate idea of its lonely grandeur.

No. 103. 'Christ Blessing Little Children;' C. L. Eastlake, R.A. This is perhaps the most faultless picture in the exhibition; is most honourable to the British school; and one indeed of which the age and country may be justly proud. We do not apprehend a single dissenting opinion. It is impossible for any one to look upon it without being at once struck by its high merit, or to examine it without arriving at the conclusion we have drawn. The composition is perfect; the colouring admirable; and the incident it represents is touching in the extreme. The countenance of the Saviour is at once humble and dignified. He is the friend of the "little children," whom he intreats, and not commands, to be "suffered to come unto Him." How finely does it contrast with that of the disciple He "rebukes." We have in this work evidence of the most refined intellect, as well as of intimate and matured knowledge of the capabilities of art. The subject has been studied deeply; the picture is not large; and we venture to assert that as much time was given to the consideration as to the execution of it. The example should be followed. It is an error to think that genius works by "fits and starts." Patience and industry are the only sure guides to enduring fame.

No. 109. 'Constance;' J. R. Herbert. A clever picture; the subject of which is very touching. A fair young woman has "outwatched the drowsy sentinel," and conveys bread and wine to a prisoner through the barred window of his cell.

No. 119. 'Young Neapolitans returning from the Festa of St Antonio;' T. Uwins, R.A. A delicious picture; a group of beautiful girls, almost children; the expression of the countenance of the leading figure is surpassingly lovely. The work is, indeed, one of the highest merit. It is, we believe, to be added to the gallery of Mr Wells, of Redleaf—a destination worthy of it.

No. 124. 'The Second Adventure of Gil Blas;' D. Maclise, A.R.A. The youth "meets with a knowing one, who sups at his expense, and repays him with flattery." The story is admirably told; the simple and silly enjoyment of Gil Blas, the cunning confidence of the "knowing one"—the rogue

and the victim—the sly humour of the host, and the half participation of the hostess, are given with prodigious effect. The colouring is hard and mannered—an error he need not fall into; for it is not so apparent in his great work, to which we shall presently refer. The composition is excellent, and the drawing admirable. No artist has ever more perfectly caught the meaning and intention of an author. The humour is not broad or coarse. It would have satisfied, and certainly gratified, Le Sage himself. We understand the Queen has purchased this picture; and for so doing beg to thank her on the part of the nation.

No. 125. 'Sancho Panza;' C. R. Leslie, R.A. A capital work; the embodied idea of the Prince of Barataria, when cheated of his meals by the mandate of the physician.

No. 129. 'The Sonnet;' W. Mulready, R.A. A bit of true character that will tell with all who have been lovers. The youth is fiddling with his shoe-tye, but casting upwards a sly look, to ascertain what effect his lines produce upon the merry maid who reads them. His face is hidden, but we can guess his feelings, when he finds her placing her hand before her lips to suppress her laughter. It is admirably painted; but we venture to object to the lavish use of light-green to which the artist has, of late, resorted.

No. 138. 'Rising of the Pleiades;' H. Howard, R.A. We regret that we cannot like this picture; and wish that Mr Howard would draw less upon fancy and more upon fact. To us it brings but a poor idea of the "Atlantic sisters" rising to "join the starry host of Heaven." They are heavy figures, with heavy draperies. The picture is coldly coloured and tamely conceived.

No. 142. 'Market Girls;' J. Inskipp. If this be not one of the admirable artist's best works, it is, at least, a work of high merit. It is true to nature. We lament that others have not seen the pictures of Mr Inskipp with our eyes. There is not one of them advantageously placed. He is worthy of a better station than he has received; and he is almost the only exhibitor to whom the observation can apply.

No. 143. 'Open your Mouth and shut your Eyes;' W. Mulready, R.A. Another of his delicious subjects. The lovely little girl who "opens her mouth and shuts her eyes," is beautifully painted.

No. 144. 'Dulcinea del Toboso;' C. R. Leslie, R.A. This is a misnomer. It is not a portrait of the innamorato of Don Quixote; although a very carefully painted picture of a buxom country wench.

No. 145. 'Tethered Rams,' scene in Scotland; E. Landseer, R.A. A fine picture of a peculiar character; with little of what the general observer will consider interesting; but of large value as a work of art. It is elaborately finished—as if the artist had determined to do his best.

No. 154. 'Grace before Meat;' Sir D. Wilkie, R.A. Sir David has selected for illustration some pleasing lines by the Countess of Blessington. They describe a family about to "ask a blessing" on their noon-day meal. The great artist is "at home" here. He has had to paint village character. It is unquestionably too low in tone; the flesh more especially; but the treatment of the subject, the arrangement of the group, the expression of the various countenances, are all admirable.

No. 159. 'La Sveglarina;' C. L. Eastlake, R.A. A charming picture of the highest character and class. It is exquisitely composed and beautifully executed—a perfect "gem" indeed; and one that will be singled out for admiration by all who have taste and feeling.

No. 164. 'Portrait of the Hon. Mount Stuart Elphinstone;' H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. This portrait has been painted for the Oriental Club: whose room it is to ornament. It is an able work, and honourable to the artist's acknowledged and appreciated talents.

No. 165. 'Flora Mac Ivor;' T. Phillips, R.A. The portrait of a melancholy lady; but in no way recalling to our minds that which was drawn by the pen of Sir Walter Scott.

No. 173. 'Battle of Lewes;' A. Cooper, R.A.

A confused mass of mingled horse and foot; not so confused as to convey the idea of a bloody struggle on the war-field, but unhappily suggesting the notion that the artist did not know how to arrange the materials necessary to depict the scene he desired to describe. Mr Cooper is a good animal painter—was at one time among our best in that class of art, although of late years several have far surpassed him—his name-sake more especially; but he understands horses better than men.

No. 174. 'Scene on the Thames;' W. A. Kneill. A good picture, though somewhat coldly coloured; a defect into which the artist has fallen in consequence of his design to preserve the character of a sombre and cloudy day. There is in this work, however, that which holds out a hope of better things from his pencil.

No. 180. 'Neapolitans dancing the Tarantella;' T. Uwins, R.A. Another of Mr Uwins' good and true portraits of Italian character and costume.

No. 186. 'Portrait of his Grace the Duke of Wellington;' J. Simpson. A likeness, though not an agreeable likeness, of a man the nation loves. It is strange that, though his Grace has been painted nearly a hundred times, he has received justice from no one but Sir Thomas Lawrence.

No. 187. 'Edward and Eleanor;' S. A. Hart, A.R.A. This picture represents the well-known incident of Eleanor sucking the poison from her husband's wound. It is a disagreeable subject; and the artist has not lessened its unpleasant character, although he has displayed some skill in dealing with it as a work of art.

No. 195. 'Diana and Endymion;' W. Etty, R.A. Mr Etty is not conspicuous in this exhibition, as he ought to be. His powers are of the very highest order, and though he is seldom happy in the selection of his subjects, he has qualities which make some amends for his defects. With most amazing genius, with industry, perhaps, unparalleled, with a thorough knowledge of all the "machinery" of his profession, he is rarely successful with the mass, simply because he aims to satisfy the judgment rather than to touch the heart. Now this, we submit, is neither politic nor just. It is the noblest privilege of art to inform and gratify universally; to make the more elevated class of subjects familiar and easily understood, and not so to paint as to be "caviare to the general." We are not of those who raise a silly and impure outcry against his painting the 'Human form Divine'; but we join with those who protest against his so continually selecting themes that excite no sympathy and rouse no generous emotion. His powers are great, his capabilities greater, and we, therefore, the more deeply grieve at finding him very frequently doing as little good for manhood as the priest who preaches his sermon in Latin.

No. 202. 'Portrait of the Earl of Yarborough;' H. P. Briggs, R.A. A finely painted portrait, sound and true; composed with skill, and executed with power. Mr Briggs is among the few portrait painters of undoubted excellence. Notwithstanding the encouragement which this branch of art has received, it has strangely deteriorated during the half century gone by; and though there be some of considerable ability, there are none of the highest and most unquestionable genius.

No. 203. 'Scenery in Woburn Park;' F. R. Lee, R.A. The foliage is well and firmly painted, and the cattle admirably so. The scene is of a simple character, a glade in a noble park, but the artist has contrived to make it very interesting.

No. 204. 'A Protestant Preacher;' H. Scheffer. This picture is of the highest merit. It is of rather too low a tone for exhibition in a public gallery, where the chances are that it must stand beside some glaring work. The artist is, we believe, a Belgian, certainly a stranger, and we regret that his painting was not placed "upon the line" instead of beneath it. The heads of the group are admirably painted. The figure of the man with his face hidden by his hands on the right of the preacher, is very fine. The whole is carefully and ably wrought; and if, as we fear, it will not find many admirers, it is because the public is not yet prepared to welcome works of the class. Many of our English students may take

lessons from him. He has precisely what they want. The picture tells the story of the protestants, who, like the covenanters of Scotland, were compelled, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, to worship God, according to the dictates of their consciences, in places not liable to intrusion.

No. 210. 'The Bay of Naples;' T. Uwins, R.A. A long and narrow picture, painted, we understand, for the Marquis of Lansdowne, to fill a pannel in his most costly and tastefully arranged room. It describes a group of peasants "going to the villa Reale, on the morning of the festa of the Pie de Grotta." It is an exquisite work both in design and execution; chaste and classical in composition, and finished with exceeding accuracy and care.

No. 211. 'A Scene near Subiaco, Roman States;' W. Collins, R.A. Another of Collins's exquisite Italian pictures. A market woman is on her way through a mountain pass; her children meet the monk who is begging for his convent; each drops a mite into the treasury.

No. 212. 'Portrait of the Countess of Dunraven and her youngest Son;' T. Phillips, R.A. We notice this work to express our regret that an artist, of such undoubted ability, and who holds the very foremost rank in his profession, should so far outrage good taste as to hang a glaring red curtain among the trees of the landscape in his back ground:—

"Not that the thing is either rich or rare—
One wonders how the d— it got there."

No. 221. 'Calvin on his Death-bed;' G. Hornung. Another contribution by a foreigner, and one which we also regret to find not "upon the line." We fear our academy will have incurred the reproach of acting ungenerously to strangers, and deeply lament that even the suspicion of it should appear to be justified. This work deserved one of the best places in the room. It is of unquestionable merit; it is elaborately wrought; too much so, perhaps, — for the labour bestowed upon it is too apparent. The arrangement is good. It would have been greatly benefited by the introduction of youth with age; which would not, we think, have disturbed the solemn scene. Its execution is marvellous. The heads are powerfully expressive in character. If it stood alone, and without the confusion incident to an exhibition, it would excite the profoundest awe. The subject is 'the Death of Calvin.' The great reformer is giving his parting instructions to the council and pastors of Geneva, assembled round his death-bed. Its interest is increased by the fact, that the painter not only consulted the best authorities for the likenesses of the persons he has introduced, but has copied from "the originals" which belonged to Calvin, the arm chair, the bible, &c. which appear in the room.

No. 222. 'Corsican, Russian, and Fallow Deer;' E. Landseer, R.A. Mr Landseer has made a fine picture, and grouped his "sitters" well together, but we must be allowed to ask him how, when, and where, it chanced that deer, of habits so opposite, herded together without fighting?

No. 227. 'The Widow;' W. Allan, R.A. A picture beautifully painted and full of deep pathos; telling a sad and powerful story; the chief mourner is not a new-made widow, for the grass has grown over her husband's grave. The child, however, is young, too young to comprehend his loss; the dog feels it more acutely. Mr Allan is an artist of the highest genius. His own country, Scotland, is justly proud of him, and he has for many years taken a prominent station in the exhibition of the academy, of which he is a member. He has not this year done much for us, but what he has done, he has done well.

No. 235. 'Portrait of Miss Eliza Peel with Fido;' E. Landseer, R.A. This is, to our minds, the happiest of all Mr Landseer's pictures in the present exhibition. It is perfectly delicious. A lovely little maid petting her dog—nothing more. The artist has had no loftier task than to copy simple, beautiful, and artless Nature; he has done this, knowing that to do so was worthy of his genius.

No. 241. 'Pluto carrying off Proserpine;' W. Etty, R.A. Always excepting the selection of the subject, this is a picture of surpassing merit. The

Proserpine is admirable in form and colour; but the finest part of the picture is the water nymph in the fore ground.

No. 242. 'Portrait of Alderman Lucas;' Sir D. Wilkie, R.A. Lucky Alderman, to obtain immortality at such small cost. We have never seen the worthy citizen, and know not if it resemble him; if it does, he must be a kindly and a pleasant gentleman—one with whom a hungry critic would like to dine. Who, after this fine work, can doubt the ability of Sir David to paint portraits, however much we may regret the inclination, or the temptation, of the great artist so to do.

MIDDLE ROOM.

No. 264. 'Rhyme of the Ancient Mariners;' J. Severn. This is a production of amazing power; "a wild and singular" production, such as an attempt to realize the dream of Coleridge ought to be. It has all the awful and terrible character of the poet, yet with added imagination on the part of the painter. The one is worthy of the other. Unhappily, the artist has deemed it necessary to introduce the albatross—an awkward and unpictorial introduction it is, the meaning of which, in the poem, we never could comprehend, and we remember once hinting to Coleridge—"that old man eloquent"—our desire to be enlightened on the subject. The answer was—a long speech, full of music; lulling and charming as the fall of a rivulet over rocks on a sunny day in spring; but informing us, therefore, none the more. The painter might have omitted it altogether, or, at least, have made it less obtrusive. As it is, it looks, alas! for the simile, like a slaughtered goose.

No. 275. 'Margaret alone at her Spinning Wheel;' J. Hollins. A character—the character—from Goethe's 'Faust;' finely expressing the sorrow which arises from "hope deferred." Arranged with skill, and painted with considerable talent.

No. 288. 'Portrait of a Lady;' R. Rothwell. A portrait of exceeding beauty; not only as regards the subject, but the manner in which it has been copied on the canvass. The flesh is all but real; the hands are almost absolute life. Mr Rothwell has three other pictures in the collection; they are of high merit; in some respects, he surpasses all his competitors in this department of the art; in a keen perception of the beautiful none exceed him. A little more care for the "soundness" of his work; a deeper tone, and greater labour to produce a vigorous effect, and he would be unrivalled. Grace need not absorb all the other qualities we look for in a work of art—and cannot compensate for their absence. Something is wanting in all his works; he should study the old Flemish rather than the Italian masters. They lack bone and muscle.

No. 293. 'Robin Hood;' D. Maclise, R.A. "The cynosure of wondering eyes" is this picture, by Daniel Maclise. It is unquestionably the leading attraction of the exhibition; those who would see it must rise betimes. The artist has been prodigal of his talent, but penurious of his time. It is an outbreak of genius—genius self-dependent; one that might have been conceived in an hour; but the execution of which should have occupied a year. It has faults undoubtedly, but its merits are of the highest order. It is too much broken and diffused; the eye seeks some object to rest upon, and if it find any, it is that which it ought not to find—the heap of gold and silver in the corner. The portrait of Richard is ungraceful and undignified—a man, such as he was, even in his gayest moments could have sacrificed neither dignity nor grace. His laugh is not the hearty laugh of a joyous soldier; but an absolute and hideous grin. But these are as spots in the sun. How delicious is this picture of Allan-a-dale; how glorious this of Friar Tuck; how capital this of Maid Marian; how famous this of the jovial captain of the merry men all; how admirable are the minor details; how finely all has been imagined; how skilfully all has been executed! A little more labour—more thought was scarcely requisite—and this work would have been perfect.

No. 295. 'Portrait of Bettina Brentano;' T. Von Holst. A vigorously arranged and admirably painted picture; one that bears the stamp of un-

questionable genius; and far less exaggerated than the works of this artist usually are. His imagination too frequently runs riot. He has more fancy with less judgment than many of his competitors; unhappily, he cherishes most that which should be controlled, and neglects that which he ought to cultivate.

No. 301. 'Portrait of the author of the city of the Sultan;' H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. A fancy portrait of Miss Pardoe; but a picture that does not please us—why, we can scarcely say.

No. 309. 'The Fox Hunters' Funeral;' T. Woodward. A picture of considerable merit; the dogs are as absolute mourners as the old huntsman. It is arranged and painted with great skill.

No. 315. 'The Four Rivals;' the Rev. J. O. W. This is by an amateur; and one of which many of the best members of the profession might be proud. It is sweetly composed; telling a touching and pathetic story, and coloured as if by a veteran in art.

No. 325. 'Charles Brett, Esq. with his horse Toby;' A. D. Cooper. Portraits made poetical; a skilfully arranged and ably painted work, one which entitles the artist to be placed high on the list of candidates for first places.

No. 327. 'The Pillaging of a Jew's House, in the reign of Richard I.;' C. Landseer, A.R.A. Mr Landseer has within the last three or four years, made rapid strides in his profession. This picture secures his claim to be considered foremost among the aspirants for promotion. It abounds in proofs of true talent. It has its faults. The principal figure, the Jew, has an expression he could not have had; and the maiden and her lover are flung awkwardly on the floor. He has made the characters in the back ground as important as those in the fore ground—a great mistake, for the eye wanders too much among them; and he has introduced two or three painful and useless episodes which take from the interest of the "story." Its merits are, however, more than ample to compensate for its defects. It is a fine and able work, and "leads" at the exhibition.

No. 328. 'The Hon. Mrs Sanderson and Child;' F. R. Say. A well painted portrait. Mr Say is conspicuous among the younger candidates for fame in this department of the art.

No. 346. 'Portrait of Sir Robert Harry Inglis, Bart, M.P.;' Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A. A striking likeness; and an admirably wrought picture.

No. 351. 'Van Amburgh and his animals;' E. Landseer, R.A. The task of perpetuating a record of the stage's degradation in the nineteenth century was an unworthy one. Mr Landseer cannot easily fail in anything he undertakes, and the merit so conspicuous in some parts of this picture makes us the more regret that he was ever "commanded" to paint it. On the whole, however, it is by no means a successful one—the artist has laboured in chains. The lion looks well pleased, and, at the same time, astonished at his promotion. The great brute-tamer exhibits the bloody cuts upon his neck and arms, with evident pride and satisfaction, as so many honourable scars. While the John and Jenny Bulls peep through the grating with wonder and delight. This is a "national" work—a commission from the Queen of Great Britain. As loyal subjects, having, we trust, a tinge of that old and honourable chivalry which makes personal all that concerns the crown, we lament deeply that this subject should have been selected—and placed in the hands of a painter whose name must be hereafter a part of British history.

No. 360. 'Pluto carrying off Proserpine;' J. M. W. Turner, R.A. A gorgeous piece of wild imagining—abounding in proofs of genius—genius suffered to pursue its own unrestrained course. This picture, more than any other by the great master, gives us hints of the perishable nature of his materials. It seems as if part of it must peel off before the exhibition closes; we could almost fancy that portions of it have been painted in distemper.

No. 360. 'Portrait;' D. Cowper. A pleasantly conceived and very ably executed picture of an arch and merry-hearted lass—the 'Kate Kearney' of the ballad, in whose smile there is danger.

No. 363. 'Foot Ball;' T. Webster. This is unquestionably the best work that Mr Webster

has produced. Its merits are of the very highest order. It is well grouped and carefully finished; especially good are the figures of the boy lifting up his knee and, in his agony, catching hold of the hair of his neighbour, the boy who is bonneted, and the boy kneeling in the fore ground, who has had, but not made, "a palpable hit." The whole scene is capital—the eager urchins rush forward in the very spirit of rivalry; each ardently struggles to get "the ball at his foot," as he will do for more important purposes in after life. It is an excellent picture; and establishes Mr Webster in the high position at which he has long been aiming, and towards which he has gradually and safely progressed.

No. 366. 'Naples; young Lazzaroni playing the Game of Arravoglio;' W. Collins, R.A. We have here an example of the manner in which Italian boys play their games. It forms a striking contrast to that we have just noticed; we doubt if the lads of the sunny south are more hearty and merry than our young Islanders. It is a capital picture, beautifully coloured, excepting perhaps the town, which seems too dark in hue, giving one little idea of the brilliancy and whiteness of the houses.

No. 377. 'Quentin Matsys, the Blacksmith of Antwerp;' R. Redgrave. This picture—by a new candidate for fame, and one who has suddenly achieved it—tells the old story of the youth who loved a maiden, whose father refused to give her to any one but a painter. Love, who works wonders, taught the art; the blacksmith became an artist, produced the famous picture of the Misers, won the old man's heart and the young maid's hand. Mr Redgrave has selected the moment when the work is exhibited; and the delighted father gazes upon it with wonder and admiration. The expression in the countenance of the girl—fit bride for an artist—is exceedingly happy; not so, we think, is that of her lover, it is more a sly leer than the deep, anxious, hoping or confiding gaze, of one who knows his fate is to be decided by the chances of a moment—one whose heart and soul have been staked upon it. The picture, however, abounds in proofs of true talent; and Mr Redgrave may assure himself that he will be one of the many—for they are many—this year marked out for promotion.

No. 382. 'Tulford Park;' F. R. Lee, R.A. A sound landscape; the still life especially excellent.

No. 389. 'Lady Jane Grey at the place of her Execution;' S. A. Hart, A.R.A. This is the largest picture in the Exhibition; we regret that we cannot consider its merits commensurate with its extent. The subject is ill arranged; the characters are placed, indeed, as if settled in positions for the stage, and have a stiff and formal character, as if there only for display. The colours are glaring, and laid on with a heavy hand. The eye is not directed to the leading figure, but fixes rather upon the red beef-eater, who pokes upward his ungainly figure. The masked executioner is hideous to a degree. The countenance of the hapless queen is not that which it should be—resignation without hope, or rather with hope beyond the reach of her enemies. An unhealthy tone pervades it throughout; and sure we are, that those who anticipated an historical painting of the higher class, will be grievously disappointed.

No. 394. 'Othello relating his Adventures;' D. Cowper. On the whole, we consider this picture the most satisfactory of the many meritorious productions exhibited this year by junior candidates for distinction. We met the artist's name, for the first time, a few months ago, at the British Institution; his productions there, though very inferior to this, justified us in anticipating that he would ere long occupy a much higher position. He has not disappointed us. The subject has been conceived with much ability. The three figures are skilfully disposed; they have precisely the expression we can fancy the great poet intended them to have; the form and countenance of Desdemona are especially beautiful; she is just the young girl who might love the Moor "for the dangers he had passed"—artless, tender, and confiding; and he is exactly one who might adore her "that she did pity them." It is carefully and vigorously coloured; and is altogether a production honourable to British art—one of the many proofs of its sure and certain progress.

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No. 524. 'The Invocation to Sabrina;' J. Wood. Mr Wood exhibits several good portraits. This attempt to embody the character and incident of the poet will not justify high praise. He has committed a striking error; though Sabrina fair is sitting "under the glassy, cool, translucent wave," it by no means follows that she ought to have the hue of the waters, or that her form, as seen through them, should be green.

No. 538. 'A Scene from Parnell's Hermit;' A. Frazer. One of the best pictures in the Exhibition; full of point and character, though unfortunately a dull and listless tone of colouring pervades it.

No. 545. 'The Melton Hunt;' F. Grant. This work is the epic of its class. None of what are usually termed "sporting pictures," of which the last century has been so fertile, are for a moment to be compared with it. Mr Grant is an admirable artist, and he perfectly understands that of which we know nothing—the mystery of horses, hounds, and hunt-

men; and all matters thereunto appertaining. This subject contains no fewer than thirty-six portraits, including a large proportion of the aristocratic Nimrods of the day. It has been, we understand, purchased by the Duke of Wellington.

No. 546. 'May-Day at Finglas, Dublin;' H. MacManus. This is the only purely Irish subject we find in the Exhibition. It is full of life and character, and affords a capital notion of the peculiarities of our light-hearted and light-headed neighbours. It is painted with considerable skill, and is altogether a work of more than ordinary promise.

No. 551. 'Portrait of the Hon. Mrs Blackwood;' F. Stone. A full-length portrait of a very lovely and accomplished woman, one of three sisters, whom nature has largely endowed.—Mrs Norton, Lady Seymour, and Mrs Blackwood; the grand-daughters of Sheridan, upon at least one of whom the mantle of his genius has descended. Mr Stone has copied her face, form, and countenance with accuracy; and has consequently produced a charming picture. It is simple and graceful; the painter has not conceived it necessary to borrow aught of ornament. It has a fine firm tone of colour, which must place Mr Stone in a foremost station among the portrait painters of the age.

No. 561. 'The Watering place;' J. Wilson, jun. We have prophesied this young man's success on two occasions already. His pictures at the British Gallery, and those at the Society of British Artists, might have justified the most casual observer in anticipating it for him. He has attained it more rapidly even than we expected. Few modern pictures surpass this. He has caught the spirit of his father, one of the best of our true English landscape painters; and has even now reached the goal at which his excellent teacher has been so long aiming. This work is simple in composition, and exceedingly well coloured. It is easy to be prophets of the past. We shall now find critics enough to augur his prosperity.

No. 579. 'Scene on a Farm, East Kent;' T. S. Cooper. A noble work; without a competitor in its class of art. The cattle are admirably drawn, and as admirably coloured; the picture is injured by the whiteness of the trunk of the tree, which is not natural where green leaves flourish on the branches.

No. 580. 'Sancho, Governor of Barataria;' F. P. Stephanoff. We rejoice to find the excellent artist in his vigour; there are qualities in this picture unsurpassed by any in the Exhibition. It is full of humour—humour in no degree exaggerated. The grouping and arrangement are decidedly good, and the whole is minutely and delicately finished. We have never seen Sancho better described; the expression of his countenance, as he sees another tempting dish vanish before the wand of the remorseless physician is inimitable.

ARCHITECTURAL ROOM.

This is clearly a misnomer, inasmuch as the works to which the room is supposed to be appropriated are actually less in number, if strictly separated, than those of a miscellaneous character, with which the walls are likewise hung, and which, being mostly in oil, overwhelm and entirely destroy the effect of the architectural drawings. Architecture, it is impossible to deny it, has received little or no assistance from the Academy (even lectures upon this branch of art have been discontinued since the death of Sir John Soane), and it is quite time that the profession should bestir themselves either to obtain a greater degree of consideration here, or to establish elsewhere an annual exhibition of their works under such circumstances as should not, as now, prevent architects from sending their designs, but might induce them to do so.

The present collection, hardly a hundred in number, is, as a whole, of very indifferent character. Although there are amongst them several very beautiful drawings, and some few clever designs, the majority are below rather than above mediocrity; this, we contend, arises not from any lack of architectural skill in the country, but solely on account of the little attention which is paid to the subject at the Academy, and the consequently little inducement there is for architects to make designs specially for the occasion, or to send drawings of their executed works. We point out, however, some few of the exceptions to this general remark.

Sir J. Wyattville, R.A., exhibits three views, Nos. 1128, 1129, and 1130, of Windsor Castle, they will form part of a large work illustrative of this edifice, and now in progress. (Many of the plates are already engraved.) No. 1177, 'View of the Alcove at the upper end of the Hall of the two Sisters in the Alhambra,' by Owen Jones—the figures by Haghe—is the most elaborate and exquisitely executed drawing in the room. Every minute portion of this highly enriched apartment is drawn and coloured with the greatest clearness and beauty, and although the picture is deficient in effects of light and shade, its value as a faithful representation of a peculiar system of decoration, is, perhaps, rather increased than otherwise by this circumstance. J. B. Papworth, in No. 1244, furnishes a view of the garden-front of a mansion on the Continent, embracing some of the features of the Japanese Palace at Dresden; T. L. Donaldson, 1210, a design, in the Tudor style, for a public building at Rugby, which is conceived in the right spirit; and H. E. Kendall, 1261, a good drawing of the intended chapel at the Rochester and Chatham Cemetery.

Our notice must for the present terminate; our next number will introduce our readers to the room appropriated to drawings and miniatures—and to that into which, unhappily, works in sculpture have been "crammed."

THE DISTINCTIVE CHARACTERISTICS OF OIL AND WATER-COLOUR PAINTING.

As a relief, between our notices of the exhibitions of "The Royal Academy" and "The Society of Painters in Water-Colours," we offer some remarks on the peculiarities which distinguish painting in oil and that in water-colours. We shall thus avoid the monotony that necessarily prevails in such catalogue criticisms; and, in the first year of our probation, it may be expected that something ought to be developed of our views upon the subject. To do which effectively, however, it will be requisite to take a little refreshing contemplation at home, in place of driving our readers from Trafalgar square into Pall Mall East.

Every one who has investigated the history of the art, finds himself hurried on from the dry remains and fragments of Egyptian and Greek paintings, and even the Gothic, yet noble conceptions of the early Italian masters, until he is arrested on the floor of the Sistine Chapel by the wonders of Michael Angelo, which unfold their gigantic beauties from the ceiling, and draw from him an acquiescence in the remark of the great restorer, "that oil painting was fit only for women and children." We here perceive the greatest delicacy and purity of colour, the chief characteristics of this style, embodying forth the most colossal and superhuman forms, and giving to the whole design a breadth of effect unattainable by the darkening process of oil painting. This freshness, this luminous property in fresco painting is a charm which no water-colour drawing ought to be deprived of, and which no oil picture can contend with. The strongholds of oil painting lie in the deep-toned darks, and those juicy shadows where lighter half tints are seen floating half-way down. The characteristic beauties of water-colour are in the pearly lights, and in those flat washes unattainable in oil colour, without giving an inferior look to the whole work. This absence of heaviness, peculiar to water-colour, is found in a very high degree in the works of Michael Angelo, also in the frescoes of Raphael and Fra Bartolomeo, but whose oil pictures are hard, dry, and often feebly drawn. When we bear in mind the firm, and deep indented outlines of Raphael in his figures on the walls of the Vatican, and the richness, and grandeur of his colour, it requires an effort of faith to believe many of his oil pictures to be of his pencil, or at least out of the trammels of Perugino. Until the time of Correggio and Titian, the peculiar beauties of oil painting were unknown. The power of representing the variety of textures and surfaces in nature, the art of giving to the light the means of reflecting back that luminous body unimpaired,

and the conduct in the shadows so as to swallow up and absorb all reflection and refraction of light, were soon discovered to be its advantages over fresco, and Correggio and Giorgione availed themselves of such discovery; hence the impasto, and absence of oleaginous substances in the light portions of their pictures, and the unctuous and transparent properties in the shadow. The effect of such treatment can only now, in a manner, be guessed at, for though the lights remain, in a degree unaltered, the rich glazings of the shadows have become dried up, and blistered by the effects of time and heat. We can easily imagine that the water-colour, in the first instance when the change took place, was not sufficiently charged with size, or some resisting fluid, so that, on the application of oil glazings, the work darkened in a very great degree; and though colours laid on in distemper, and glazed with oil pigments, will produce a much richer effect than either process separately, we trace a gradual approximation to the effect of water, or the luminous character of fresco painting though the works of Titian, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese. The truth, and force of nature produced by an union of the peculiar properties of the two modes, has been felt and acknowledged by all painters up to the present time; and though Rubens, who laid the foundation of the art in Germany, finished his works principally in oil, yet, from adopting a white water-colour ground, he preserved, in a high degree, the fresh and brilliant effects of the Venetian mode of painting; and by Velasquez it was carried into Spain, and by Vandyke into England, but gradually sunk into a leaden and dull arrangement of colour, until revived by the indefatigable exertions of Sir Joshua Reynolds. So anxious was this celebrated artist to combine the luminous qualities of the Venetian style with the rich transparencies of Correggio, and Rembrandt, that half his life was spent in trying experiments on the various modes of producing this union, and which has occasioned the decay and destruction of many of his works; for though water-colour will support oil painting, yet, when washed over it so as to recover the freshness of the original ground, it contracts and tears the work to pieces; hence the deep and multifarious cracks and fissures in the back-ground of most of his best coloured pictures. With Sir Joshua and his associates, the fine qualities of painting retired, for though the elegant taste of Sir Thos. Lawrence, and the delicacy of his drawing, sustained the art in the high position it had been placed in, we search in vain to find in his works the distinctive qualities of oil painting. His high lights are but a succession of thin washes of light colour without solidity, while his shadows are cold and opaque. With the true feeling of an artist he saw its superiority, but his style had been fixed in early life, and an overwhelming accumulation of work precluded all possibility of any material alteration: he tried glazing but on one picture, a head of Hart Davis, which, though rich in tone, got flat from a want of proper preparation. With the names of Owen and Jackson we must close our observations on this department of the art, in their pictures we perceive a complete union of the excellencies found in the works of the great colourists. In landscape, Turner has revelled, through a long series of years, in all the charms to be found in every class of fine art—the pure, pearly tints of fresco, the rich, deep tones of oil painting, and the luminous characteristics of water-colour drawing, sometimes dark, sometimes light, sometimes hot, sometimes cold; something so tender in his tones, as if afraid to give more than the mere sensation of colour; at other times destroying, with the fierceness of his prismatic pencil, every picture which comes near him, reminding us of the madman in Scripture, "who throws about fire-brands, and cries, it is in sport." In historical subjects, Etty stands out a giant in all that constitutes a well coloured picture. In him we have the true Venetian crackly substance of water-colour, with the rich and transparent glazings of oil. We only regret that a patronage which, in his case, ought to be unbounded, does not enable him to bestow more time on the details

has produced. Its merits are of the very highest order. It is well grouped and carefully finished; especially good are the figures of the boy lifting up his knee and, in his agony, catching hold of the hair of his neighbour, the boy who is bonneted, and the boy kneeling in the fore ground, who has had, but not made, "a palpable hit." The whole scene is capital—the eager urchins rush forward in the very spirit of rivalry; each ardently struggles to get "the ball at his foot," as he will do for more important purposes in after life. It is an excellent picture; and establishes Mr Webster in the high position at which he has long been aiming, and towards which he has gradually and safely progressed.

No. 366. 'Naples; young Lazzaroni playing the Game of Arravoglio;' W. Collins, R.A. We have here an example of the manner in which Italian boys play their games. It forms a striking contrast to that we have just noticed; we doubt if the lads of the sunny south are more hearty and merry than our young Islanders. It is a capital picture, beautifully coloured, excepting perhaps the town, which seems too dark in hue, giving one little idea of the brilliancy and whiteness of the houses.

No. 377. 'Quentin Matsys, the Blacksmith of Antwerp;' R. Redgrave. This picture—by a new candidate for fame, and one who has suddenly achieved it—tells the old story of the youth who loved a maiden, whose father refused to give her to any one but a painter. Love, who works wonders, taught the art; the blacksmith became an artist, produced the famous picture of the Misers, won the old man's heart and the young maid's hand. Mr Redgrave has selected the moment when the work is exhibited; and the delighted father gazes upon it with wonder and admiration. The expression in the countenance of the girl—fit bride for an artist—is exceedingly happy; not so, we think, is that of her lover, it is more a sly leer than the deep, anxious, hoping or confiding, gaze, of one who knows his fate is to be decided by the chances of a moment—one whose heart and soul have been staked upon it. The picture, however, abounds in proofs of true talent; and Mr Redgrave may assure himself that he will be one of the many—for they are many—this year marked out for promotion.

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No. 506. 'Ferry on the Thames;' J. Stark. A good and sound copy of a truly English scene. No artist can paint such a scene better. Mr Stark has but little imagination—too little, it may be, for the "public at large;" but no one has a purer eye for nature, or greater power in transferring her charms to his canvass. This work may, in some respects, vie with the most favoured of the whole Exhibition.

No. 519. 'Columbus asking bread and water for his child at the door of the Convent of Santa Maria de Rabida;' W. Simson. Mr Simson is rapidly acquiring a name. This work is one of undoubted merit, and if others of the younger aspirants have gone beyond him, as they certainly have, he has at least sustained here the reputation he made at the British Gallery.

No. 524. 'The Invocation to Sabrina;' J. Wood. Mr Wood exhibits several good portraits. This attempt to embody the character and incident of the poet will not justify high praise. He has committed a striking error; though Sabrina fair is sitting "under the glassy, cool, translucent wave," it by no means follows that she ought to have the hue of the waters, or that her form, as seen through them, should be green.

No. 538. 'A Scene from Parnell's Hermit;' A. Frazer. One of the best pictures in the Exhibition; full of point and character, though unfortunately a dull and listless tone of colouring pervades it.

No. 545. 'The Melton Hunt;' F. Grant. This work is the epic of its class. None of what are usually termed "sporting pictures," of which the last century has been so fertile, are for a moment to be compared with it. Mr Grant is an admirable artist, and he perfectly understands that of which we know nothing—the mystery of horses, hounds, and hunt-

men; and all matters thereunto appertaining. This subject contains no fewer than thirty-six portraits, including a large proportion of the aristocratic Nimrods of the day. It has been, we understand, purchased by the Duke of Wellington.

No. 546. 'May-Day at Finglas, Dublin;' H. MacManus. This is the only purely Irish subject we find in the Exhibition. It is full of life and character, and affords a capital notion of the peculiarities of our light-hearted and light-headed neighbours. It is painted with considerable skill, and is altogether a work of more than ordinary promise.

No. 551. 'Portrait of the Hon. Mrs Blackwood;' F. Stone. A full-length portrait of a very lovely and accomplished woman, one of three sisters, whom nature has largely endowed.—Mrs Norton, Lady Seymour, and Mrs Blackwood; of the grand-daughters of Sheridan, upon at least one of whom the mantle of his genius has descended. Mr Stone has copied her face, form, and countenance with accuracy; and has consequently produced a charming picture. It is simple and graceful; the painter has not conceived it necessary to borrow aught of ornament. It has a fine firm tone of colour, which must place Mr Stone in a foremost station among the portrait painters of the age.

No. 561. 'The Watering place;' J. Wilson, jun. We have prophesied this young man's success on two occasions already. His pictures at the British Gallery, and those at the Society of British Artists, might have justified the most casual observer in anticipating it for him. He has attained it more rapidly even than we expected. Few modern pictures surpass this. He has caught the spirit of his father, one of the best of our true English landscape painters; and has even now reached the goal at which his excellent teacher has been so long aiming. This work is simple in composition, and exceedingly well coloured. It is easy to be prophets of the past. We shall now find critics enough to augur his prosperity.

No. 579. 'Scene on a Farm, East Kent;' T. S. Cooper. A noble work; without a competitor in its class of art. The cattle are admirably drawn, and as admirably coloured; the picture is injured by the whiteness of the trunk of the tree, which is not natural where green leaves flourish on the branches.

No. 580. 'Sancho, Governor of Barataria;' F. P. Stephanoff. We rejoice to find the excellent artist in his vigour; there are qualities in this picture unsurpassed by any in the Exhibition. It is full of humour—humour in no degree exaggerated. The grouping and arrangement are decidedly good, and the whole is minutely and delicately finished. We have never seen Sancho better described; the expression of his countenance, as he sees another tempting dish vanish before the wand of the remorseless physician is inimitable.

ARCHITECTURAL ROOM.

This is clearly a misnomer, inasmuch as the works to which the room is supposed to be appropriated are actually less in number, if strictly separated, than those of a miscellaneous character, with which the walls are likewise hung, and which, being mostly in oil, overwhelm and entirely destroy the effect of the architectural drawings. Architecture, it is impossible to deny it, has received little or no assistance from the Academy (even lectures upon this branch of art have been discontinued since the death of Sir John Soane), and it is quite time that the profession should bestir themselves either to obtain a greater degree of consideration here, or to establish elsewhere an annual exhibition of their works under such circumstances as should not, as now, prevent architects from sending their designs, but might induce them to do so.

The present collection, hardly a hundred in number, is, as a whole, of very indifferent character. Although there are amongst them several very beautiful drawings, and some few clever designs, the majority are below rather than above mediocrity; this, we contend, arises not from any lack of architectural skill in the country, but solely on account of the little attention which is paid to the subject at the Academy, and the consequently little inducement there is for architects to make designs specially for the occasion, or to send drawings of their executed works. We point out, however, some few of the exceptions to this general remark.

Sir J. Wyattville, R.A., exhibits three views, Nos. 1128, 1129, and 1130, of Windsor Castle, they will form part of a large work illustrative of this edifice, and now in progress. (Many of the plates are already engraved.) No. 1177, 'View of the Alcove at the upper end of the Hall of the two Sisters in the Alhambra,' by Owen Jones—the figures by Haghe—is the most elaborate and exquisitely executed drawing in the room. Every minute portion of this highly enriched apartment is drawn and coloured with the greatest clearness and beauty, and although the picture is deficient in effects of light and shade, its value as a faithful representation of a peculiar system of decoration, is, perhaps, rather increased than otherwise by this circumstance. J. B. Papworth, in No. 1244, furnishes a view of the garden-front of a mansion on the Continent, embracing some of the features of the Japanese Palace at Dresden; T. L. Donaldson, 1210, a design, in the Tudor style, for a public building at Rugby, which is conceived in the right spirit; and H. E. Kendall, 1261, a good drawing of the intended chapel at the Rochester and Chatham Cemetery.

Our notice must for the present terminate; our next number will introduce our readers to the room appropriated to drawings and miniatures—and to that into which, unhappily, works in sculpture have been "crammed."

THE DISTINCTIVE CHARACTERISTICS OF OIL AND WATER-COLOUR PAINTING.

As a relief, between our notices of the exhibitions of "The Royal Academy" and "The Society of Painters in Water-Colours," we offer some remarks on the peculiarities which distinguish painting in oil and that in water-colours. We shall thus avoid the monotony that necessarily prevails in such catalogue criticisms; and, in the first year of our probation, it may be expected that something ought to be developed of our views upon the subject. To do which effectively, however, it will be requisite to take a little refreshing contemplation at home, in place of driving our readers from Trafalgar square into Pall Mall East.

Every one who has investigated the history of the art, finds himself hurried on from the dry remains and fragments of Egyptian and Greek paintings, and even the Gothic, yet noble conceptions of the early Italian masters, until he is arrested on the floor of the Sistine Chapel by the wonders of Michael Angelo, which unfold their gigantic beauties from the ceiling, and draw from him an acquiescence in the remark of the great restorer, "that oil painting was fit only for women and children." We here perceive the greatest delicacy and purity of colour, the chief characteristics of this style, embodying forth the most colossal and superhuman forms, and giving to the whole design a breadth of effect unattainable by the darkening process of oil painting. This freshness, this luminous property in fresco painting is a charm which no water-colour drawing ought to be deprived of, and which no oil picture can contend with. The strongholds of oil painting lie in the deep-toned darks, and those juicy shadows where lighter half tints are seen floating half-way down. The characteristic beauties of water-colour are in the pearly lights, and in those flat washes unattainable in oil colour, without giving an inferior look to the whole work. This absence of heaviness, peculiar to water-colour, is found in a very high degree in the works of Michael Angelo, also in the frescoes of Raphael and Fra Bartolomeo, but whose oil pictures are hard, dry, and often feebly drawn. When we bear in mind the firm, and deep indented outlines of Raphael in his figures on the walls of the Vatican, and the richness, and grandeur of his colour, it requires an effort of faith to believe many of his oil pictures to be of his pencil, or at least out of the trammels of Perugino. Until the time of Correggio and Titian, the peculiar beauties of oil painting were unknown. The power of representing the variety of textures and surfaces in nature, the art of giving to the light the means of reflecting back that luminous body unimpaired,

and the conduct in the shadows so as to swallow up and absorb all reflection and refraction of light, were soon discovered to be its advantages over fresco, and Correggio and Giorgione availed themselves of such discovery; hence the impasto, and absence of oleaginous substances in the light portions of their pictures, and the unctuous and transparent properties in the shadow. The effect of such treatment can only now, in a manner, be guessed at, for though the lights remain, in a degree unaltered, the rich glazings of the shadows have become dried up, and blistered by the effects of time and heat. We can easily imagine that the water-colour, in the first instance when the change took place, was not sufficiently charged with size, or some resisting fluid, so that, on the application of oil glazings, the work darkened in a very great degree; and though colours laid on in distemper, and glazed with oil pigments, will produce a much richer effect than either process separately, we trace a gradual approximation to the effect of water, or the luminous character of fresco painting though the works of Titian, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese. The truth, and force of nature produced by an union of the peculiar properties of the two modes, has been felt and acknowledged by all painters up to the present time; and though Rubens, who laid the foundation of the art in Germany, finished his works principally in oil, yet, from adopting a white water-colour ground, he preserved, in a high degree, the fresh and brilliant effects of the Venetian mode of painting; and by Velasquez it was carried into Spain, and by Vandyke into England, but gradually sunk into a leaden and dull arrangement of colour, until revived by the indefatigable exertions of Sir Joshua Reynolds. So anxious was this celebrated artist to combine the luminous qualities of the Venetian style with the rich transparencies of Correggio, and Rembrandt, that half his life was spent in trying experiments on the various modes of producing this union, and which has occasioned the decay and destruction of many of his works; for though water-colour will support oil painting, yet, when washed over it so as to recover the freshness of the original ground, it contracts and tears the work to pieces; hence the deep and multifarious cracks and fissures in the back-ground of most of his best coloured pictures. With Sir Joshua and his associates, the fine qualities of painting retired, for though the elegant taste of Sir Thos. Lawrence, and the delicacy of his drawing, sustained the art in the high position it had been placed in, we search in vain to find in his works the distinctive qualities of oil painting. His high lights are but a succession of thin washes of light colour without solidity, while his shadows are cold and opaque. With the true feeling of an artist he saw its superiority, but his style had been fixed in early life, and an overwhelming accumulation of work precluded all possibility of any material alteration: he tried glazing but on one picture, a head of Hart Davis, which, though rich in tone, got flat from a want of proper preparation. With the names of Owen and Jackson we must close our observations on this department of the art, in their pictures we perceive a complete union of the excellencies found in the works of the great colourists. In landscape, Turner has revelled, through a long series of years, in all the charms to be found in every class of fine art—the pure, pearly tints of fresco, the rich, deep tones of oil painting, and the luminous characteristics of water-colour drawing, sometimes dark, sometimes light, sometimes hot, sometimes cold; something so tender in his tones, as if afraid to give more than the mere sensation of colour; at other times destroying, with the fierceness of his prismatic pencil, every picture which comes near him, reminding us of the madman in Scripture, "who throws about fire-brands, and cries, it is in sport." In historical subjects, Etty stands out a giant in all that constitutes a well coloured picture. In him we have the true Venetian crackly substance of water-colour, with the rich and transparent glazings of oil. We only regret that a patronage which, in his case, ought to be unbounded, does not enable him to bestow more time on the details

of drawing and finish. Why should he and Hilton not be put upon the pension list of a country as well as Southey, Moore, and Campbell? Sir Robert Peel would gain credit for such a suggestion; nor could Hume object to the pittance. Painting, as well as poetry, is a great refiner of society. But to return to the subject. We find Wilkie has part of the quality for which we are contending in a very high degree: his pictures possess that peculiar stearine substance found in the works of Watteau, and which cost Reynolds a long life to acquire; but the other requisite is absent, the fresh water-colour look we find in Watteau; neither do we perceive the firmness of outline, nor the depth of shadow, never left out by Sir Joshua. We want to see that moribund quality of Corregio, to appreciate which no man knows better than Sir David; in place of this, however, we have flesh that looks as if prematurely converted into adipocire. Would that he might be persuaded to give some of this quality to Leslie, who has had a legacy left him by Constable more fatal than the Centaur's tunic. Before leaving oil painting to enter upon water-colour, we must mention the works of MacIise. He has overcome the most difficult parts of the art—invention, composition, and drawing, but he is entirely ignorant of other requisites of painting.

Whoever has contemplated an oil picture with a water colour drawing as the shades of evening set in, must have remarked the gradual darkening of the oil colour, while the drawing continued to the last in a mass of broad light. The power then of retaining, and giving back light, is the peculiar property of water-colour, or rather of the paper on which it is painted, and which ought, therefore, to be preserved at any sacrifice, as the artist has not the rich, pulpy, and unctuous glazings, to give in compensation for its absence. Whoever has witnessed a scene of Stanfield's or Roberts's rolled down in the theatre, must have observed a burst of light reflected from it through the whole house, while every countenance was lighted up with an expression of wonder. Scenery now becomes a source of attraction, and the rich dresses of the actors mingle in, forming a picture which reminds us of some of Paul Veronese's finest works. Now this change we owe to Turner. Notwithstanding all his extravagancies, he it was who taught these artists, by his example, the art of arranging the hot and cold colours, so as to give distinctness and solidity, without cutting up and destroying the great breadth of light. And though both Roberts and Stanfield have quitted Covent Garden and old Drury, they have left behind artists who are following in the same track; and the dingy, black vulgarities of Richards, Capon, Greenwood, and Marchbanks have disappeared—drops, set pieces, and wings—ay, and the dull oily lamps that hung upon them likewise, to give place to the luminous properties of size-colour and gas light. Those who have contemplated the pure and indescribable colours of the frescos of Italy, must look with horror on the oily blackness which disfigures the staircase in the British Museum, or, the painted monsters on those of Hampton Court. Fresco is the great mine from whence the invaluable properties of water-colour must be dug, and he who neglects these for the sake of competing with the peculiarities of oil painting, throws aside the best means of representing nature. Until the peace of 1815, few artists of the present day had an opportunity of viewing the fine works of art on the continent; consequently, the purity of the Italian, or the gorgeous effects of the Venetian schools, remained as "a sealed book, or as a fountain shut up." And though the genius of Girtin and Turner did wonders in removing water-colour drawings from mere topographical achievements, it is only now that the capabilities of water-colour paintings are beginning to be perceived, and spread over England. The drawings of Lewis, Cattermole, Harding, and Hunt, show what can be done in effect, texture, and colour, and we shall regret if the introduction of so perishable a material as body colour, or a meretricious perversion of talent, for the sake of attracting applause, destroys all remains of simplicity and truth.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THIRTY-FIFTH EXHIBITION.

THIS society has been in existence thirty-five years, and has gradually increased in merit and in vigour. We are not old enough to recollect it in its childhood, but sure we are that it has largely contributed to increase the patronage, now so extensively given to this department of the Arts—the marked improvement in which is, in a great degree, owing to its exertions. It consists of twenty-six members, and seventeen "associate exhibitors." Unlike the Royal Academy, the right to contribute to its annual exhibitions is confined to the forty-one; it is, therefore, exclusive in its character, is strictly a "private body," amenable to no tribunal but its own. We have no doubt that the annual income, which must be considerable, is properly expended; but we have no means of knowing whether any part of it is devoted to advance the Art, or to benefit any of its professors—not of the body. We understand a contribution is forwarded, from year to year, to the Benevolent Institution; and trust that other opportunities are sought for and found to do good to those who need it, although the public has not been made aware of it. We have certainly no right to inquire what they "do with their own;" but we believe we represent the feeling of a very large proportion of their supporters when we express a hope that the forty-one "Painters in Water Colours" imitate the example of the Royal Academy, and expend its funds not for their own benefit, except in cases where labour is prevented by age or sickness. The exclusive character of the society has led, as our readers know, to the formation of another:—the "new" is treading closely on the heels of the "old." There are drawings in Pall Mall of quite as high merit as any in Pall Mall East; and beyond all question the public would greatly benefit by the "old" throwing open its gates as widely as those of the Royal Academy, and admitting all candidates to a free and fair competition. Larger rooms might be necessary, but larger rooms might be easily obtained, or the number allowed to each exhibitor might be diminished;—we cannot think that this would be an evil, for it scarcely appears reasonable that an artist should be permitted to hang as many as thirty-five or thirty-seven pictures on the walls of a comparatively small gallery. We rejoice to find that, independently of its income from visitors, the sales effected in this room are usually considerable, and that seldom more than one out of five return to the artists. They can, therefore, afford to be generous;—we hope they are so in many ways; we wish they were so to their brethren of the profession. The age of monopoly is gone by; Art, which, above all things, exists by liberality, should not be the last to relinquish the small advantages obtained by the narrow policy of exclusiveness. Sure we are that the Society of Painters in Water Colours would lose little or nothing by abandoning its present course, acting upon more generous principles, and, by opening its doors to all who demand and deserve admittance, advancing the true interests of Art, and contributing to the glory of the nation.

The Exhibition—1839—contains 345 drawings. There are few indifferent works, very few decidedly inferior; a large proportion of good, and several admirably conceived and executed. There are not, however, many of a high class; nor will it be considered an improvement on the display of the past year. This society has certainly not retrograded, but it has not advanced of late—the invariable result of the absence of competition,—while the "New Society" has progressed considerably towards the highest eminence.

No. 10. 'Market People crossing Lancaster Sands;' D. Cox. A very good and effective drawing. The figures in the fore ground tell admirably. The peculiar character of the scene is preserved with exceeding accuracy.

No. 13. 'Snowdon;' J. D. Harding. A masterly picture of the road between Capel Cŵrig and Beddgelert. Perhaps a little too blue in the middle distance.

No. 14. 'State Room;' Hardwicke: Lake Price. The figures are well grouped, and the whole skillfully drawn and carefully coloured;—a remark which may not apply to No. 19, a drawing we can scarcely imagine the production of the same pencil. The one is gracefully, the other coarsely, conceived and arranged.

No. 24. 'Ferry Boat;' C. Bentley. Unfortunately placed low, and near a warm picture. It is beautiful in its grey tone, and excellent in its keeping and composition. This is, indeed, one of the most meritorious works in the collection, and is proof of the artist's rapid improvement.

No. 27. 'Glenridding, near Ullswater;' P. De Wint. A charming specimen,—one of the best we have ever seen from the master-hand of De Wint. The trees on the right are excellently painted, the foreground is fine, and there is about the whole a truth which manifests that few have studied nature more closely.

No. 32. 'Mulgrave Castle;' Evans. A favourable example of the artist's peculiar and excellent style.

No. 37. 'Salisbury Plain;' Copley Fielding. A faithful representation of this vast waste, and the singular, stupendous, and lonely ruin on its site. The idea of its extent is ably given; and the colouring, both of sky and ground, is admirable. The picture is, perhaps, the most attractive of the many contributed by this accomplished artist.

No. 46. 'Cynthia, with her attendant Dews and Zephyrs;' I. Cristall. We notice this picture chiefly to express our regret that the artist should have neglected his rustic figures—which no one paints better, and few so well—to study allegories, which rarely or never stir the fancy or touch the heart. An unpleasant red, heavy colouring pervades this work; the subject cannot interest, nor can its execution add to the painter's repute.

No. 50. 'The Opening of the Letter-bag;' J. W. Wright. A clever and well-considered drawing. There is, perhaps, a want of personal beauty in the most prominent figure, which impairs its effect. The other characters are all excellent, more especially that of the young man, leaning on the left with the open letter. We may wish that the blue and red had not been repeated on each side. The drawing, altogether, does the artist great credit, and is of a larger size than he has hitherto produced.

No. 61. 'Arundel Castle, from Swanbourn Lake;' F. Nash. A clever drawing, with much of the truth that can be acquired only by an attentive study of nature.

No. 62. 'Near the Village of St Remi, Switzerland;' W. A. Nesfield. An artist of rare promise, who has contributed to the collection many of its more admirable works. This describes a grand scene—the Glacier of Brenva, and Mont Blanc in the distance—and it is skillfully treated.

No. 67. 'Juvenile Palmistry;' W. Hunt. A group of three rustic villagers; painted with considerable vigour, and conceived with a degree of humour which borders upon, without being, caricature. The vacant stare of the boy as he listens to the marvellous promises which the girl makes to him, and the sly but suppressed laughter of a merry wench who holds the cards, are admirably expressed.

No. 70. 'Sir Walter Raleigh witnessing the Execution of the Earl of Essex in the Tower;' G. Cattermole. This is a noble drawing, one of the largest size, full of power, and skillfully made out in all its details. We wish the artist had given his authority for the subject. We cannot doubt his having derived it from some satisfactory source; but the fact has painfully disturbed our impressions concerning the great man who was at once a brave soldier and an accomplished scholar—a man skilled in history, oratory, philosophy, politics, and poetry, and whom we should regret to find an ungenerous rival, watching the execution of his antagonist.

No. 102. 'The Vale of Idleness;' J. M. Wright. We have already said there are few whose sympathies are excited by allegorical subjects. This is a clever picture—clever both in design and in execution—yet it will please nobody. The scene is taken from the "Rambler," which describes the "two dreadful monsters—age and want"—entering

the Vale of Idleness, and checking the sports and revellings of the foolish and thoughtless crew.

No. 103. 'At Newlyn, near Penzance;' H. Gastineau. A charming specimen of this excellent artist. The subject has been skilfully chosen, and is beautifully painted. It is to us matter of considerable surprise that the word "sold" is not more frequently affixed to the productions of a painter who is so invariably "good and true," and who never thinks that genius can be effective without industry.

No. 115. 'A German Lady, with her Nurse, coming from Church;' Mrs Seyffarth. A carefully finished production; pleasing and graceful in design; too "neat and pretty," perhaps, to satisfy the connoisseur.

No. 122. 'In Windsor Park;' W. A. Nesfield. A capital picture. We may challenge, for the deer, comparison with any water-colour painter of the day. The whole drawing is excellent; perhaps, however, it would have been improved if the trunk of the near beech had been of a "cooler" and lighter colour.

No. 127. 'All Fours;' W. Hunt. A subject of rich humour. Two juvenile scamps playing cards. The expression in the countenance of the winner and that in the face of the loser are inimitable. It is full of point and character.

No. 132. 'Coehene on the Moselle;' J. D. Harding. One of this always admirable artist's best works. The figures are admirably grouped, and the colouring is brilliant to a degree. It is one of the finest and most valuable in the Gallery.

No. 136. 'Scalby Mill, near Scarborough;' P. De Wint. An excellent drawing; well defined, yet free from hardness. The atmosphere is given with truth, and with that the mistiness and haze so frequently introduced, and so often exaggerated.

No. 143. 'The Lake of Geneva;' W. Callow. A well-chosen subject; but, like others by this artist, "mannered," and unlike the hues of nature.

No. 144. 'River—Lago di Garda;' J. D. Harding. Full of beauty and power. A fine subject admirably rendered; its brilliancy throws into shade everything near it.

No. 159. 'Alter the Storm;' S. Prout. A noble picture of a stranded ship. Drawn in every part—the wrecked vessel and the crowds around it—with exceeding accuracy and vigour. There is a green shade in the fore ground which does not please us. It is, however, worthy of the pencil of this accomplished artist and close observer of nature.

No. 160. 'King Charles the First conveyed a Prisoner to Hornby House;' F. Tayler. One of the most interesting pictures in the Gallery. As a whole it is finely conceived and painted; but this work and the others he exhibits, lead to the conviction that he does not consider labour necessary to an artist, but thinks that talent may work without industry: a great mistake. Mr Tayler is a clever person; but he commits a grievous and unpardonable error in framing his productions when they ought to be upon the easel.

No. 165. 'A Drawing;' F. Stone. Mr Stone paints delicious pictures, such as may satisfy the critic and delight the public. He is, perhaps, too apt to sacrifice force to grace, and to rest content with having produced that which cannot fail to please all who look upon it. He is capable of higher achievements than this sweet little drawing, or that which hangs near it, and should prompt his ambition to essay a worthier effort. He has a finely cultivated mind and a rich fancy, and his judgment and experience are admitted. Let him bring them all to bear upon some attempt which must produce a more universal and a higher fame.

No. 178. 'Miss Jemima Crow;' W. Hunt. Another of Mr Hunt's humorous drawings, full of character.

No. 183. 'Peat Bog, near Harlech Castle;' W. Nesfield. The sky is well painted, though in the horizon it looks too like coast. The drawing is, altogether, excellent, giving a perfect idea of one of the finest views in North Wales.

No. 189. 'Porch at Louviers, Normandy;' J. Nash. An elaborate specimen of architecture, to which ample justice has been rendered by the artist.

No. 194. 'An Interior in Key lane, Sandwich;' A. Glennie. A name with which we are not, as yet, familiar; but the proofs of his talent in this collection are so highly satisfactory that we cannot be long so. The antique apartment, with its figures, and the peep into the inner room, are admirably given and skilfully coloured. The artist has been fortunate in his search after a subject for his pencil.

No. 205. 'Cottage at Hoddesdon, Herts;' W. Scott. An excellent and accurate sketch from nature.

No. 210. 'Ulverston Sands;' W. Evans. A brilliantly painted and effective picture, with admirable management of light and shade.

No. 228. 'Carisbrook Castle;' J. Varley. One of the best drawings in the exhibition. The clouds are not so much divided as usual with him; the colouring is true to nature, and in all respects it is a work of high merit.

No. 261. 'Covenanters of the Seventeenth Century;' J. Stephanoff. A splendid and well composed drawing; the best of this artist's works that we have seen for a very long period.

No. 276. 'A Scrub;' W. Hunt. Another of Mr Hunt's characteristic drawings. A country lad at his toilette scrubbing away in right down earnest. The colour appears, so to speak, absolutely "plastered" on, giving it the substance almost of an oil painting. This is by no means uncommon nowadays, the old "washy" style being nearly discarded.

No. 295. 'Oberlanstein;' J. D. Harding. The grouping of the figures is excellent; but the colouring in the distance is rather too blue—a fault which many artists of celebrity are apt to fall into.

No. 296. 'Quarter Day at St Thomas's Hospital, Sandwich;' A. Glennie. Another very good picture by Mr Glennie, who has been lucky in his search after the picturesque at Sandwich. He has hit upon some capital subjects, and by his clever manner of treating them has fixed them in our memory. Sandwich will, no doubt, receive the visits of other artists, who will go to glean in the harvest-field from which Mr Glennie has brought so much that is valuable.

No. 317. 'Wanderers Entertained;' G. Cattermole. A work of large size, full of figures, well drawn, and carefully finished. The scene represents one of those honoured observances of the olden time, when the Baron—

"Though he feasted all the rich he ne'er forgot the poor."

It is a fine, interesting, and most agreeable picture. Every figure is made to contribute a value to the whole. It tells a delightful story, and as a work of art is as faultless as any in the exhibition. Mr Cattermole has evidently not slighted this production. It is highly finished, and every part seems to have been worked upon with attention and care.

No. 337. 'Broad Stairs—Anchor-boat going off;' G. Chambers. Full of energy and spirit, and admirably treated. The water is exceedingly well designed and executed. The drawing fully sustains the high reputation of the artist as a portrayer of marine subjects.

No. 340. 'The Portrait;' G. Cattermole. The drawing receives its title from the miniature of Anna Boleyn, which Henry VIII, seated in a chair, is examining with the eye of a critic. Portraits of Wolsey, Cromwell, and Cranmer are introduced, standing round the monarch.

The flowers of Bartholomew are, as usual, of the highest merit. In this country no artist has carried this class of art so near perfection. They approximate as closely to nature as any copies of her beauties have ever done.

We have gone as fully into this exhibition as our space justified. No doubt we have omitted to notice some artists who deserve attention, and left without comment many works of high merit. We must apologize to all who consider they have a right to complain, and excuse ourselves on the ground that it is utterly impossible to introduce into our Journal all the topics upon which we desire to say something—and to treat them as fully as we could wish.

CHIT CHAT.

GOVERNMENT PURCHASE.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer has purchased for the National Gallery a painting of Velasquez. It was exhibited last year, if we recollect rightly, at the British Institution; and represents the arena of a bull-fight. It was bought from Lord Cowley; and 4,000*l.* is, we understand, the sum that has been paid for it. The picture is of the very highest class, and worthy the collection to which it is to be added. If we mistake not, there is a duplicate of the subject—with some slight variations, however,—in the collection of Lord Ashburton. We have thus again to thank Mr Spring Rice for an expenditure of the public money with which the public will not be only content—for which they will be thankful. To add to the national store of works of art is highly desirable;—we hope the Chancellor of the Exchequer will consider that he might do a very wise act—an act which would make him popular long after he shall have relinquished the cares of office—by expending the next 4,000*l.* at his disposal in buying pictures by British artists.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION closed on Saturday the 11th; the results have seen, on the whole, satisfactory. A large number of works have been disposed of, and the visitors have been more numerous than during preceding years. The following pictures, sold, may be added to the list we published in a former number:—'Scene on the Sands at Cromer;' W. Rider. 'The Stile;' T. Creswick. 'A Flower-Girl;' P. A. Gongo. 'Going to Market;' J. Hilden. 'On the Sands at Barmouth;' A. Clint. 'Last Interview of Charles I. and Children;' H. O'Neill. 'Mail Coach;' J. F. Herring. 'Pygmalion Enamoured;' F. Howard. 'Nick the Philosopher;' J. Zeitter. 'Christ blessing Bread and Wine;' J. King. 'Italian Boys;' Mrs Soyer.

THE ANNUAL DINNER of the Artists' Benevolent Fund took place at the Freemasons' Tavern on Saturday the 11th. His R. H. the Duke of Cambridge presided. We regret to state that the company was very limited; that there was not a single nobleman among the guests to support his Royal Highness; and that only two members of the Royal Academy—Mr Cooper and Mr E. Landseer—were present. His Royal Highness appeared in excellent spirits; and expressed the warmest interest in the welfare of the admirable institution. The eloquence of the evening was engrossed by Mr Sergeant Talfourd. Her Majesty sent her annual donation of 100 guineas; and the collection, taking into account the paucity of the numbers assembled, was liberal. We must express in strong terms our exceeding surprise that the dinner was attended by so few of those who are bound in principle and in policy to support the Benevolent Fund. It has two worthy objects:—one is pure charity; the other is the inducements it holds out to artists in the time of their success to provide against a period of difficulty or sickness—to which they are of all men especially liable. It teaches prudence—the most useful and necessary of all lessons to men of genius. No member of the profession ought to be absent from its list of subscribers—they have a sin to answer for if they are; for, though they may be thoughtless for themselves, they cannot be so in reference to their families without being guilty of a moral offence. We should dwell at greater length upon this topic but that the dinner took place but a day or two before we were at press.

THE GRESHAM COMMITTEE.—We have elsewhere offered some remarks upon this topic;—a meeting of the Architectural Society has been recently held to represent to the committee the difficulties under which architects must labour in preparing designs for the New Exchange in consequence of the unsatisfactory character of "the instructions." The secretary, nevertheless, was directed to reply, that "the instructions," however unintelligible they may be, "cannot be altered." A very absurd, if not a very scandalous decision. Surely it should have been only necessary to know that an evil existed to induce the instant removal of it. The secretary states it would be "inconvenient" to do so;—it will, we

imagine, be found far more "inconvenient" to remove a structure after it is raised: an inconvenience to which the British public would willingly submit in the cases of the National Gallery and Buckingham Palace.

SCIENTIFIC RE-UNIONS.—The soirées given during the present season by the Marquis of Northampton to the Fellows of the Royal Society, and by Earl de Grey to the Architects' Institute, have exhibited some of the most brilliant assemblages of men noble by birth and men ennobled by genius—of the aristocracy of blood and the aristocracy of talent—that it is possible to conceive; science offering, among a crowd of others, Herschel, Babbage, and Faraday; literature, Bulwer, Rogers, Talfourd; art, Wilkie, Chantrey, Wyon; and the nobility of England appearing in the persons of the Dukes of Sussex, Cambridge, Somerset, and Norfolk. It is hardly necessary to say the meetings have all passed off with the greatest possible *éclat*.

THE GRAND DUKE OF RUSSIA, who has been purchasing works of art in every country of Europe, is now in England. He visited the Royal Academy a few days ago. We have not heard whether on that occasion he selected any pictures; but there can be no doubt of his largely enriching his collection by adding to it from the works of our British artists.

JAMES HOGG AND DAVID WILKIE.—In a letter we received from the Ettrick Shepherd a few years ago, he thus writes of his distinguished countryman:—"I little wot what Mr Wilkie is doing now since I last saw him in Yarrow; but I cannot help deeming it strange that he should ever delight in depicting scenes out of his native country, for to me his genius is as completely Scottish as if I saw it walking our hills in the blue bonnet, the grey plaid, and the clouted shoes. There is not a trait of mind among our peasantry which he has not embodied and personified in tints never to be effaced. In particular, there is a stupid effort at abstruse calculation, at which he is inimitable, and which even Mr W. Murray has not yet out-vied. This cast of thought is often given in a single touch, and yet every muscle corresponds with that. I remember of once in particular seeing a small piece of his, I have forgot when or where, but it was a number of years ago, which was probably regarded by the artist as a trifle; but if first impressions are to be in aught believed, it is a gem of the first water. I got only one short look of it; but I saw nature so beautifully depicted, that in spite of all I could do the tears burst from my eyes, and the impression made by it is as powerful at this moment as it was then. It is a scene from Allan Ramsay's 'Gentle Shepherd,' in which the lover is exerting all his power to play his sweetheart's favourite tune with proper effect, while she is leaning on her cousin, and asking her 'if she has any guess what tune that is which the puir fellow is trying?' I never saw anything equal to it. There is a cast of disdain in every muscle of Jenny's lovely rural form, from the toe to the eye-brow, which is indescribable; and the best of it all is, that the looker at the picture perceives at once that it is an affected disdain; but neither the lover, nor Peggy, nor the colley discover aught of this, but are all deploring her perversity by looks the most characteristic. The looks of disappointed affection in the dog are exquisite. I have often wondered what became of that little picture, or how it was estimated, for there was never anything of the kind made such an impression on me. I never see an interesting and original figure, or a group, but I uniformly think to myself, 'O, if I had but David Wilkie here!'"

ARCHITECTURE LOOKING UP.—A taste for architectural productions is decidedly advancing in England, and in nothing is this more plainly visible than in the cottage and villa residences now so thickly rising in the suburbs of the "great city"—the moderna Babylon. We could point out many exhibiting great pretensions to taste, and which, although they would have been pointed at and talked about twenty years ago, are now regarded but as ordinary buildings. Such, for example, are some of those in the Harrow road; many in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park; several in the Kilburn road; at Notting Hill; and Old Brompton. At the latter place there is one lately erected on the

estate of Robert Gunter, Esq., which is especially original. It is in the Italian style, and presents the novel feature of a *campanile*, or prospect tower attached to the main building. The reign of the carpenter-architect is over, we trust, and brick band-boxes will cease to be perpetrated.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S STATUE.—A short time ago a statue of the "Virgin Queen" was discovered in the cellar of a house adjoining St Dunstan's church. It was immediately released from its ignominious concealment, and has just been restored to the position it must have originally occupied. It is now placed in the avenue of the church. The pedestal is fixed over the eastern side of the church; underneath is a block of black stone, on which is engraved the following inscription:—"This statue of Queen Elizabeth formerly stood on the west side of Ludgate; and was presented by the City to Sir Francis Gosling, knight, Alderman of the Ward, who caused it to be placed here."

MESSRS CHRISTIE AND MANSON commenced, on April 29th, the sale of the very celebrated collection of gems of the late Prince Poniatowski. To those who are acquainted with works of art of this nature its reputation is well known. It was originally formed by King Stanislaus, nearly a century since, and continued by the illustrious family of Poniatowski. It has long been the most remarkable in Europe. The number of gems was 2,630, and the catalogue is divided into seventeen days' sale. So extensive a collection has never before been sold by auction. Though the catalogue calls them all antique gems, there are many among them by the celebrated Pickler family and other artists of their time. They produced very moderate prices. Works of art of this description have fallen very considerably in price of late years; since, indeed, the death of Sir William Hamilton, Charles Towneley, Payne Knight and the collectors of their days.

THE EXQUISITE COLLECTION OF DUTCH PICTURES, collected by the late E. Gray, Esq., of Harringay Park, near Hornsey, many of which have, at different times, ornamented the collections at the British Institution, and which it was supposed would have been sold by Messrs Christie and Manson, have been disposed of by private sale; and they now ornament the cabinets of different collectors. Though the family may have obtained a large sum, it is hardly possible to say what the fine works of Ostade, Teniers, Berghem, P. Potter, &c., &c., might not have produced by public auction.

ARTISTICAL JOKES.—When Etty and Stanfield were at Venice, it is said that the former, in a fit of abstraction, looking at one of the Palaces, fell into a Canal, upon which the wits there called him *Canal Etty*. Stanfield, who pulled him out, they called *Dragonetti*. When George the Fourth had determined to make Sir John Leicester a Peer, he asked, "What title he wished to take?" "*De Tabley*," was the reply. "Not so," said the King,—"call him *Lord de Tableau*," alluding to his great patronage of art.

BOZ.—At the dinner of the Artists' Benevolent Society, Sir David Wilkie in a single sentence, said more in praise of Dickens, and more to the purpose, than any of his thousand-and-one critics. "He has made," said Sir David "a kind of Doric of our vernacular." This is a kind of picturing in which we scarcely expected the great artist to excel. But, in truth, Wilkie is a good speaker: we cannot describe him as eloquent; but he has a firm fine voice, sufficient self-possession, a clear and emphatic enunciation, and, of course, a large and comprehensive mind. The materials which make an orator he, therefore, has; and, it is more than probable that, if he had been early called upon to exercise this art, instead of that of which he is a master, he would have arrived at distinction in it. So true it is, according to the highest authority, that "Genius is nothing more than a large mind accidentally directed into some particular channel."

THE KNIGHTHOOD OF RUBENS.—M. de Biefvre has received a commission from the King of Belgium to paint for him a picture of Charles the First of England investing the painter Rubens with the Order of Knighthood in the Palace at

Whitehall. The subject is a striking one; the circumstance worthy of commemoration; and we are rather surprised that it fell to the lot of King Leopold to select it; or that, having selected it, he did not employ a British artist to paint it. We venture a wager that M. de Biefvre will commit a series of mistakes; and possibly make the immortal artist a Knight of the Garter.

SIR WILLIAM BEECHER.—While the venerable painter was sitting to Mr Rothwell, he had appointed a particular day and hour to be with him; it was winter; he was then residing at Hampstead, and finding the coach full, although the morning was bleak and raw, rather than disappoint the artist he ventured to ride outside, and kept his appointment. He was then upwards of eighty years old. It is points like this which give insight into character.

SIR DAVID WILKIE has commenced another Irish subject—a scene in an illicit still-house. While in Ireland, some four or five years ago, the great painter visited many of the disturbed districts, and saw, for himself, the scenes and characters so peculiarly, and, we may add, so unhappily, Irish. He has already exhibited his power and fidelity in the picture of the Sleeping Whiteboy, in the collection of Mr Vernon; and we cannot doubt but that this other attempt will be equally successful.

MR SINGLETON'S illustrations of Shakespeare, to which we briefly referred last month, have not, as we supposed, been engraved. Some thirty years ago he supplied a large number of embellishments for published works, and we imagined these to have been among them: we, therefore, said less about them than their merits deserve, and shall take an early opportunity of directing public attention to the series. It consists of ninety-three pictures, illustrating each all the plays; and we understand they have almost exclusively occupied the time and mind of the artist during the last ten years of his life. The collection is one of exceeding interest to all who love and appreciate the poet; and who is there that will be content to be omitted from the list? Mr Singleton has evidently given his heart, as well as his earnest thought and anxious labour, to the performance of his arduous task. Few have more closely studied the great master, or more happily portrayed that which "the immortal man" conceived. He has dealt with pathos, humour, and strong character, as if he felt that he must be judged by a severe standard, and he has in very many instances caught the spirit of the original. We should not do justice to a most meritorious artist—one of the best of the old English school—if we slighted his undertaking; one which required so much talent and industry, and which has had both.

GRACE DARLING.—Among the announcements of forthcoming novelties, we perceive one of which we cannot approve—one indeed, from which it seems two most respectable publishers expect to reap a harvest; and who have, consequently, each given "note of preparation," that Grace Darling having been sitting to their artists, is about to be transferred to their engravers. The story of 'Grace Darling' is interesting, beyond doubt; the act which has made her celebrated was daring and heroic; and Mr Yates may have done wisely in bringing out her representative at the Adelphi, to obtain the popular voice; but it is ill done, we think, to make so much of it. Heroism is not heroism, unless it becomes famous! The poor fellow who rushed back on board the *Philadelphia*, a few months ago, to save a poor child—not his own—did a nobler act, and incurred far greater peril than did Grace Darling. His name is unknown. It is pandering to an unhealthy desire thus to make her so notorious, and can produce no possible good. Some penny print-sellers have, however, been before-hand with the publishers to whom we refer; in many of the shop windows may be seen, a rock, a ship among the breakers, a boat, and a young woman with garments let loose to the wind; all representing the scene which the artists engaged by Mr Moon and Mr Ackermann may paint better, but cannot describe with greater effect, for the benefit of those whom it is intended to gratify, and who are expected to buy the published pictures of it; 'tis, at best, "a painful ambition."

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

THE CHURCHES OF LONDON: a History and Description of the Ecclesiastical Edifices of the Metropolis. By George Godwin, jun., F.S.A., and Associate of the Institute of Architects. Nos. 1 to 26. TILT, Publisher.

ARCHITECTURAL knowledge is at this time unquestionably advancing in England, and architectural skill, as a matter of course, is advancing likewise. Men not professionally engaged in the art are beginning to question the beauty and value of buildings hitherto held to be perfect,—to seek for principles to guide them in their inquiries, and to apply them universally; a course which, naturally, induces greater care on the part of professors, more assiduous study, and a consequently nearer approach to excellence. Nevertheless, a most lamentable degree of ignorance in this respect still prevails among the great body of the people; and until this be removed, until a certain amount of critical knowledge, and a clear perception of beauty, be general, we cannot hope to attain great eminence in the noble art of which we write. An ignorant audience may spoil, but most certainly will never make, a fine actor. Elevate, therefore, the taste of the people, and enlarge their means of judging; place thereby the standard of excellence higher, and higher still, and we shall speedily find artists who will continue to pass beyond it.

To communicate universal knowledge of the kind alluded to is, however, difficult. It must be done by *insinuation*, if we may so speak. The information must be wrapped up with pleasant matter, so as to induce the ordinary reader to imbibe a certain quantity of it almost involuntarily. The work before us, which has now nearly reached completion (at least, so far as regards the *city*), has successfully attempted to pursue this course, and is calculated to assist in leading public attention into the required direction. Each church forms the subject of a separate *essay*, which is rendered sufficiently amusing by the introduction of antiquarian *morceaux*, anecdotes connected with the building, and biographical notices. The author has endeavoured, too, in tracing the history of the churches (as he states), “to connect them with as many events which relate to the alterations that have occurred in London; to the progress of improvement, and to the good and great of our species, as may be practicable,—and thereby to increase the interest which they must of themselves possess in the estimation of their frequenters.”

Among the eighty or ninety churches within the city walls, the greater number of them built by Wren, there are many excellent specimens of ecclesiastical architecture so surrounded by buildings as to be almost unknown. There are, it is true, on the other hand, many examples of what we now see to be bad taste; but, as knowing what is ugly is very nearly like knowing what is beautiful, they serve equally the end in view, and it must therefore be exceedingly useful to bring them all before the eyes of the public. Apart from other considerations, the work will hereafter have a value as presenting a complete survey of the city churches at one particular period. The drawings and engravings are chiefly by Mackenzie and Le Keux, both veterans, and are good specimens of art. The price, too, is such as to bring it within the reach of all; and we wish that many may avail themselves of it. In Mr Godwin's own words:—“The contemplation of works of fine art (whose highest office is to raise the standard of beauty, in the widest acceptance of the word, and kindle an admiration of it,) tends most powerfully to humanize and refine, by cultivating the taste, leading to self-respect, and ultimately producing sympathy with all that is good and great, and consequent abhorrence of evil.” Mr Godwin has proved himself a sound critic, an agreeable writer, and a generous and liberal judge of the works of living as well as of dead architects. He has taste and judgment; and, we think, he cannot fail to excel in executing subjects upon which he is so competent to form safe, sensible, and judicious opinions. He is one among our younger architects, whose energy and industry must give a new impetus to the art.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF LONDON, &c. Second Edition, greatly enlarged. By W. H. LEEDS. Two vols. royal 8vo. 165 Plates. WEALE, Publisher.

THERE is no occasion for us to enter into much remark as to the general plan and nature of this work, since it has been so long before the public, that few architectural readers are likely to be unacquainted with it. We shall therefore confine ourselves chiefly to the fresh matter introduced into this new edition by the present Editor, who, if he has expunged much, has added considerably more, and that, too, of a kind which supplies what the work was originally most deficient in—namely, remarks on the buildings themselves, here described, and other architectural information. At the same time nothing has been retrenched but what could very well be spared; for, in its first shape the letter-press was overloaded with historical and other details, of little interest. All that could be said in excuse for a good deal of the matter incorporated in the descriptions, as first published, was, that the buildings respectively spoken of just afforded a pretext for bringing it in, and no more. An account of the custom-house duties, and that of the establishment of the East India Company, however foreign to the purpose of the work itself, did not show themselves palpable absurdities when tacked to the descriptions of the Custom House and India House; though, as far as they have anything to do with the buildings, they would have been hardly more out of place had they been affixed to those of St Paul's and St Bride's steeple. One of the longest *hors d'œuvres* of the kind alluded to was the ‘Account of the Origin and Progress of the Drama in England’—a most curious subject to be treated of in a professedly architectural work, but which is entirely omitted in this new edition, where in lieu of it we are presented with a long and highly interesting essay, entitled ‘Preliminary Remarks on the Architecture of Theatres.’ The subject itself is one that has much novelty to recommend it; and a great deal of information is here brought to bear upon it, both in the ‘Remarks’ themselves and in the numerous notes, some of which contain biographical notices of Thomond, Weinbrenner, and other foreign architects and their works, together with some account of the Theatre of the Hermitage at St Petersburg, one designed by Mikhaelov, and the celebrated one at Bordeaux. Mr Leeds has evidently no prejudices in favour of the models which the ancients have left us for structures of this class; for he contends, and certainly not without sensible argument, that the theatres of the Greeks and the Romans must have been greatly inferior to our own in all that regards scenic illusion; and that however pompous they may have been as ceremonies, the dramatic exhibitions of the ancients must have been exceedingly defective as theatrical performances. On some future occasion we may perhaps give some extracts from this portion of the work, including the suggestions here thrown out in regard to different architectural styles and modes of decoration for the interior of theatres, among which *Polychromy* is mentioned as highly suitable for such purpose. At present we cannot afford room to say more on this particular subject, although it forms so prominent a feature in this new edition. It should, however, be stated that this additional section is not included in the Supplement, published separately for the accommodation of the purchasers of the first edition. Neither does that supplementary part contain any of the ‘Remarks,’ notes, and corrections; but merely the plates and letter-press belonging to the new subjects which have been inserted in the work, and among which are the New Palace (illustrated with several plans and elevations), the Archway in the Green Park, National Gallery, Travellers' Club House, Fishmongers' Hall, Corn Exchange, and Post Office.

With the exception of the last-mentioned building, all the other buildings now added to the work are described and commented upon by the Editor himself; and whatever may be thought of some of his opinions, we may venture to assert that his criticisms will be perused with interest, if only because there is a freshness of tone and thought in them that

secures attention. By no means, however, must it be inferred that such kind of reasoning is allowed to predominate to the exclusion of strictly architectural comment: quite the reverse; the criticisms on the respective buildings are far more minute and analytical than those we are accustomed to meet with upon such topics. However decided he may be in his opinions, Mr L. is assuredly not dogmatical, because he advances nothing without attempting to convince by the reasons he brings forward, and by fairly examining the beauties and defects he imputes to the respective structures. Least of all is he one of those who, sparing themselves further inquiry, take up with the established dicta of other critics. He is rather disposed to resist what have hitherto been acquiesced in as irrefragable authorities on points of architectural criticism. The ‘Remarks,’ for instance, which he has appended to most of the original articles, frequently go very far to subvert the commendations there expressed. Such is the case in regard to St Martin's church, St Bride's spire, St James's, Westminster, the staircase at Ashburnham house, and many other designs, which have generally been extolled in the most unqualified manner. On the other hand, he vindicates the spire of St George's, Bloomsbury, from the obloquy that has been heaped upon it.

It is not to be expected that every one will adopt Mr Leeds's opinions; yet, although his arguments may not carry conviction to all, they may in some degree benefit even those who are adverse to them, by leading them to examine more narrowly into the grounds for the opinions they themselves maintain; and should they, after such scrutiny, come to the conclusion that they have no reason to retract, or even to qualify their former sentiments, neither can they have any reason to complain of having been led to consider them.

In fact, diversity of opinions, and the discussion it provokes, are always serviceable in all matters of art and taste, if only as counter-agents to that *vis inertia* which, were it not for such opposition, would produce an utter stagnation of criticism, to be followed, perhaps, by apathy and indifference in regard to the objects of it. Were it, therefore, on no other account, we must regard the architectural criticisms contained in these volumes as a valuable acquisition to that branch of art—valuable both to the professional man and to the general reader, to whom they recommend themselves by the intelligent remarks in which they abound.

BRIDGES IN THEORY, PRACTICE, AND ARCHITECTURE.

The Theory by JAMES HANN, of King's College, Member of the Mathematical Society of London; the Practical and Architectural Treatise by WILL. HOSKING, Architect, F.S.A. No. 1. J. WEALE, Publisher.

THE great advances which have been made in England in the science of bridge-building, and the absence of any consecutive treatises, bringing together modern examples and deducing therefrom guiding principles, render a work of the above description absolutely necessary, and it is satisfactory to find the undertaking has been committed to such able hands. Profound mathematical knowledge and practical experience are not often found united in one person, and the proprietor has, therefore, done wisely in confiding these departments to separate individuals, each eminent in their several walks. The first number is an excellent specimen; but we would submit, with regard to future letter-press, that translations need hardly be resorted to. The country which can boast of such works as the Menai bridge, those of Southwark, Waterloo, and London; Brighton suspension pier, and of those enormous viaducts for railways, now erecting in its various counties, should teach rather than borrow. The after numbers, which will treat of bridges architecturally, will fall more immediately within our province; and we shall then take the opportunity to offer our own opinion on bridges regarded as *means of civic decoration*,—a consideration which it is to be regretted has not been sufficiently regarded. Had the architect and the engineer acted more often in conjunction in the execution of bridges, the result would probably have been advantageous.

THE ROYAL GALLERY OF PICTURES; being a Selection of the Cabinet Paintings in her Majesty's Private Collection at Buckingham Palace. JAMES BONN, Publisher.

WE heartily wish this publication the success it merits, and which it will be our duty to forward by every means in our power. The collection at Buckingham House—it is there now; when we saw it, an old tumble-down, half-ruined mansion in Pall-mall contained the treasures of ages—has long been celebrated; and the conductor of this work, Mr Linnell, does not say too much in stating that "Other galleries may be more numerous, but none have been formed on principles of such severe and scrutinizing selection. No picture is to be met with in Buckingham Palace whose history, from the artist's time to the present day, is doubtful; none but the finest and purest specimens of genius, none but works whose inspiration guided every line of the pencil, have been admitted." Each part—of which the first is before us—will contain eight engravings from the most famous of the old masters. The subjects are well engraved; they are not intended to be highly wrought; but artistic skill is deemed of more importance than elaborate finish, and accuracy of copy of greater moment than neatness of execution. We earnestly hope the plan may answer, and that we may not always be discouraged from attempting in England what they do so well in France. We must for the present content ourselves with thus briefly recommending it, but shall seek another opportunity of noticing it at greater length.

ENGRAVINGS.

THE VALE OF DEDHAM.—JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A., Painter.—DAVID LUCAS, Engraver.—HOLLYER, Publisher.

THE publisher of this print deserves the highest commendation. It is of an unusually large size for landscape; and it is evident that no expense has been spared to render it worthy the reputation of the great artist, whose fame has been enhanced since death removed him from the consciousness either of praise or blame. We can remember the old prejudice against Constable's pictures: it was not difficult to foresee that a time must come when it would altogether cease. It would now be hard to induce the possessor of any one of them to part with what years have taught him to consider a treasure. The whiteness, so much complained of in his painting, is rapidly departing; his pictures are improving wonderfully from year to year; and it is now known that the boast of the artist—"he wrought for a generation that was to come after him,"—was founded upon a thorough knowledge of his profession, and the capabilities of the materials he used. Honour be to the memory of John Constable—a man who knew his art well, and had wo'd Nature with a fervent passion, not the less pure and devoted because he always sought her in her humble, but most becoming, dress. His fate is that of many great painters—to receive admiration and its attendant, reward, after both have ceased to be of any value. The British school may be proud of him; all true artists, indeed, have long been so; and those who could see but little "exactness" in his productions, and thought his chief distinction to consist in exaggeration, if they will now look at one of his pictures a few years old, will be satisfied that he knew what he was doing far better than did his critics. He did, indeed, what all high-minded painters ought to do—painted not for the unthinking many, but the judicious few; not to add to the amusement of an exhibition, but to delight and instruct an age. The example before us is a very favourable one—it describes one of those delicious English valleys, which, to our homely eyes and hearts, are more welcome than the vales that lie at the foot of Swiss mountains; it takes in an immense space of fields and hedge-rows, and all that is peculiar to the scenery of our own land. We trust the print will be successful—so successful as to justify the publisher in producing others upon the same scale, and by engravers of equal merit.

THE MANUSCRIPT.—C. R. LESLIE, Painter.—W. H. WATT, Engraver.—ACKERMANN & Co. Publishers.

"The wife of the chaise-vamper stepped in, I told you, to take the papillotes from off her hair, &c., in doing which one of them fell upon the ground. I instantly saw it was my own writing. O, seigneur! cried I, you have got all my remarks upon your head, madam. J'en suis blea mortifiée, said she.—Tenez, said she; so, without any idea of the nature of my suffering, she took them from her curls, and put them gravely, one by one, into my hat, &c."

MR LESLIE is fond of borrowing subjects from the good old writers of England; he is a man of taste and judgment, and these qualities are properly exerted in illustrating the favourites of our youth and manhood. Our old friend Shandy is here represented on a memorable occasion, when he finds his beloved manuscript converted into papillotes; his look of resigned yet hopeless grief, as he deliberately rakes among the debris of his fabric, is capital; and very effectively contrasts with the air of simplicity and polite indifference portrayed in the countenance of "the wife of the chaise-vamper." The picture is a rich example of character, and very pleasant to examine. It is obviously painted with great care; and the younger Watt has very ably and skilfully engraved it.

PORTRAIT OF THE RIGHT HON. LORD RODEN.—E. R. SAY, Painter.—T. LUPTON, Engraver.—HODGSON & GRAVES, Publishers.

A CAPITAL portrait of an able and upright nobleman—one of whom—without reference to his politics, with which we have nothing to do—his country may be proud, for he is among her few good resident landlords, who labour, and effectually, to make his tenantry comfortable and contented. Mr Say has produced a striking likeness of his Lordship: it has been engraved in a very satisfactory manner, and will serve to show if the portrait of an Irishman will be purchased extensively in Ireland;—a man may be a patriot whatever be his political opinions: he must be so, if he loves his country and labours to advance the interests of her people.

PORTRAITS OF SHIPS.—DRAWN BY O. W. BRIERLY.—FRY AND SON, Publishers, London.—EDMUND FRY, Portsmouth.

"THE Wooden Walls of Old England" have, of late years, been sadly neglected by the artist, as well as the government. We have almost forgotten we are Islanders; and think the blue jackets of the police must be the things our ancestors so loudly lauded. The drawings of Mr Brierly, however, bring to us, again, recollections that Great Britain has been glorious; and that there was once something more than a pleasant sound in the line "Britannia rules the Waves." We are reminded that "Her Majesty's ships" are still in existence; and that there are, even now, "jolly tars" to man them. We greet this series of "portraits" with a cheer; a cheer such as once was echoed from a hundred quarter decks—"success, my hearties;" a death-knell it was, always, to the foes of England. We have here, elegantly, and accurately drawn, ships of all sizes, from the great bulwark that carries five score guns, and upwards, to the little yacht that flies along the waters. We value the small collection highly; to us it is a welcome gift; how much more so must it be to those hardy veterans, or embryo Nelsons, who can examine, with a critic eye, every point, in every portrait, from stem to stern.

A LANCASHIRE WITCH.—BRADLEY, Painter.—GRUNDY, Engraver.—GRUNDY, Manchester, Publisher.

LANCASHIRE witches are still to be found in the county of Cotton Mills; here is one of them, fair and young, and by no means likely to be burned or drowned for working the mischief she seems born to do. Her's is a merry face; just such a face as can make glad the hearts of many, and yet be content to throw a spell over only one. The artist has had a sweet model, and we dare swear is not very largely indebted to his fancy, for we have seen girls quite as healthful and beautiful pursuing their daily task at the much misunderstood labour of the

loom. Mr Grundy has very skilfully engraved the picture; the style is free; a mixture, we imagine, of line and stipple, and having something of the character of mezzotinto. The print is highly creditable to a provincial town; a town, though, which it is not easy to satisfy with works of art.

THE ROYAL REVIEW AT WINDSOR.—Painted by F. TAYLER. S. W. REYNOLDS, Engraver. T. BOYS, Publisher.

THIS, if not a first-rate work of art, is a print of very interesting character. Her Majesty, accompanied by Lord Hill, the Duke of Wellington, the King of the Belgians, Lord Palmerston and others, is passing under the gateway of the Royal Palace at Windsor. The likenesses are good—that of the Commander-in-Chief is, perhaps, too young; the grouping is cleverly arranged; and it has been engraved in a very satisfactory manner. It will add one to the number of pleasant publications, which commemorate events in the reign of her most gracious Majesty.

TO THE READER.

"THE ART-UNION," No. 1.—In the course of the present month, we shall REPRINT THE FIRST NUMBER OF "THE ART-UNION." The edition will not be large, and subscribers are recommended to apply for it early. It will be issued with No. 5, on the 15th of June. No. 2, and No. 3, are both nearly out of print; those who may desire a complete series of this publication, will do well to obtain them, with as little delay as possible.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter signed "Verax" is one that we find very difficult to notice within limited space. The style is good, and the knowledge it displays so unquestionable, that it is entitled to respect. The spirit it manifests, however, so unfair and unjust, that we can hardly imagine the production of a writer uninfluenced by some personal pique. If we say that it does proceed from a bad motive, and for a bad purpose, we shall only judge as we have been judged; and form opinions as to motives and intentions perhaps upon grounds as weak as those of our correspondent. We tell him plainly and distinctly that he himself has as much influence over this "Journal" as any other person—he be artist, critic, printer, or publisher; and that if we are compelled to dread any interference, direct or indirect, with that which we know to be our duty—and ours alone—at that moment our part in the undertaking will be abandoned. We should not condescend to say so much to the common tattler of the day,—but the letter of Verax is that of one who ought to think better. Our opinions may be unsound—our observations may exhibit ignorance—our criticisms may be erroneous; but such as they are we give them honestly and fearlessly; and acknowledge no guide but our own judgment. On the contrary, we have, perhaps, more than a justifiable sensitiveness at the notion of being subjected to any control whatever. Our correspondent will perceive that we cannot enter into further explanations. It is easy enough to walk into an exhibition; select a bad picture; abuse it; walk out again; and talk of nothing therein except this bad picture—about which there may still be two opinions. It is as easy to do the same with reference to the contents of the most faultless work that ever issued from the press. We heartily thank our friend in Bath; and have taken advantage of his advice.

The communication of "Burnt Umber," relative to the "New Brooms," we thank him for; we hope with him that our observations have done good; he will see, perhaps, that it would be better not to print his letter.

We shall communicate with our Correspondent on the subject of the intended "Exhibition in Cork," as early as possible. At present, we are not in a condition to do so; and apprehend that it is not soon to take place.

Our best thanks to "Crayon," "L. T.," "An Artist," and a "A Sincere Well-wisher." We have indeed many friends, who earnestly desire our success, and we shall endeavour to deserve the encouragement they give us.

WOOD ENGRAVING.—We are glad to find that the plan upon which we acted of giving a Supplementary Sheet, with examples of Wood Engraving, is about to be followed by a contemporary. "The Athenæum," announces its intention of issuing with the next number, a series of illustrations from the History of the Art, just published by Mr Jackson, the Engraver, a volume to which we shall ourselves make reference next month.

AGENTS FOR "THE ART-UNION."

BATH.—Mr Pocock, Argyle street.—LIVERPOOL.—George Linnecar, Church street.—MANCHESTER.—J. C. Grundy, Exchange street.—PLYMOUTH, E. Fry.—SCOTLAND.—Alexander Hill, Edinburgh.—John Finlay, Glasgow.—IRELAND.—Milliken and Son, Dublin. John Hodgson, Belfast.—PARIS.—Rittner and Goupil. Communications for the Editor may be sent (post free) to the care of Mr William Thomas, Publisher, 19, Catherine street, Strand.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS, at their GALLERY, PALL MALL EAST, IS NOW OPEN.

Open each Day from Nine till Dusk. Admittance, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.
R. HILLS, Secretary.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the NEW SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS is now open at their GALLERY, 53 PALLMALL (adjoining the British Institution) from Nine o'clock till dusk. Admittance 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

JAMES FAHEY, Hon. Sec.

NORFOLK and NORWICH ART-UNION.

An Exhibition of Modern Art in Painting, Drawing, and Sculpture, will take place during the ensuing Assize and Festival Weeks, at the Bazaar Gallery, Saint Andrew's, Broad street, Norwich.

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DAWSON TURNER, Esq.

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CHARLES TURNER, Esq.

EDMUND BARTELL, Esq.

Artists and Antaeurs intending to exhibit their Paintings, Drawings, and Models, are requested to communicate their intention to the Secretary at their earliest convenience.

R. LEMAN,

Hon. Sec., Norwich.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.—

The Committee beg to inform the Subscribers that the SUBSCRIPTION LISTS for the year 1838-9 will CLOSE on the 31st of May. Subscriptions are received by Charles Palmer Diamond, Esq., Treasurer, 10 Henrietta street, Cavendish square; by Edward Edwards, Esq., Honorary Secretary, 15 Lower Brook street; and by any Member of the Committee; at the London and Westminster Bank, 38 Throgmorton street; and at the Branch Offices of the same, 9 Waterloo place, Pall mall; 155 Oxford street; 213 High Holborn; 12 Wellington street, Borough; 87 High street, Whitechapel; by Messrs Colnaghi and Co., Pall mall East; Mr Jennings, 62 Cheapside; and by Mr Thomas Brittain, Collector, 10 Clarendon square, Somers town.

The GENERAL MEETING of the Subscribers will be held on Tuesday, the 4th of June.

The print of "THE CAMALDOLESE MONK" is now in course of delivery at Messrs Colnaghi's.

Now ready, in royal 4to., price 1l. 1s., or imperial 4to., 1l. 11s. 6d.

THE ROYAL GALLERY OF PICTURES, being a Selection of the Cabinet Paintings in her Majesty's Private Collection in Buckingham Palace; Part Second, containing Eight Plates, and letter-press descriptions.

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N.B. The Prepared Paper may be had separately.

London: published by Ackermann and Co., 96 Strand.

In a few days, an entirely New Work on Angling, by T. C. HOFLAND, Esq., dedicated, by permission, to Sir F. L. CHANTREY, R.A., F.R.S. &c., entitled The

BRITISH ANGLER'S MANUAL; or, the Art of Angling in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. With some account of the Principal Rivers, Lakes, and Trout Streams, and Instructions in Fly-fishing, Trolling, and Angling at the Bottom, and more particularly for the Trout. It will be highly embellished with views of the most beautiful scenery in the various Fishing Stations described; together with accurate delineations of the Fish, Flies, and Materials used in Angling, from Original Pictures and Drawings by the Author.

Price 1l. 1s. post 8vo.; or 1l. 16s. large paper, proof plates.

London: Whitehead and Co. 76 Fleet street; and R. Ackermann, 191 Regent street.

MR BOYS has the honour to announce, as now ready for publication, the splendid and highly finished Engraving of
THE ROYAL REVIEW AT WINDSOR,
ON SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1838.

With the whole-length Portraits of Her Majesty on her favourite Grey Charger; His Majesty the King of the Belgians; Lord Hill, the Commander of the Forces; the Duke of Wellington, &c. &c. mounted on favourite Horses, and forming the principal group passing under George the Fourth's Gateway, on leaving the Castle.

The Engraving is beautifully executed in Mezzotinto, by Mr S. W. Reynolds, From a Drawing by Frederick Taylor, Esq.

The Portraits by S. W. Reynolds.—The Horses drawn from the Life.

Size of the plate 24 by 31 inches high.

Extract from the *Times Court Circular*, Sept. 18th, 1838.

"Her Majesty rode on horseback (a splendid Grey) to the Review of the Troops this afternoon, His Majesty the King of the Belgians and the Commander of the Forces riding on either side of the Queen, while following in the Royal Train were the Duke of Wellington and several Field officers: the illustrious party were escorted to the ground by the Tenth, or Prince of Wales's Regiment."

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Early in June will be published, Part I, of a

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